

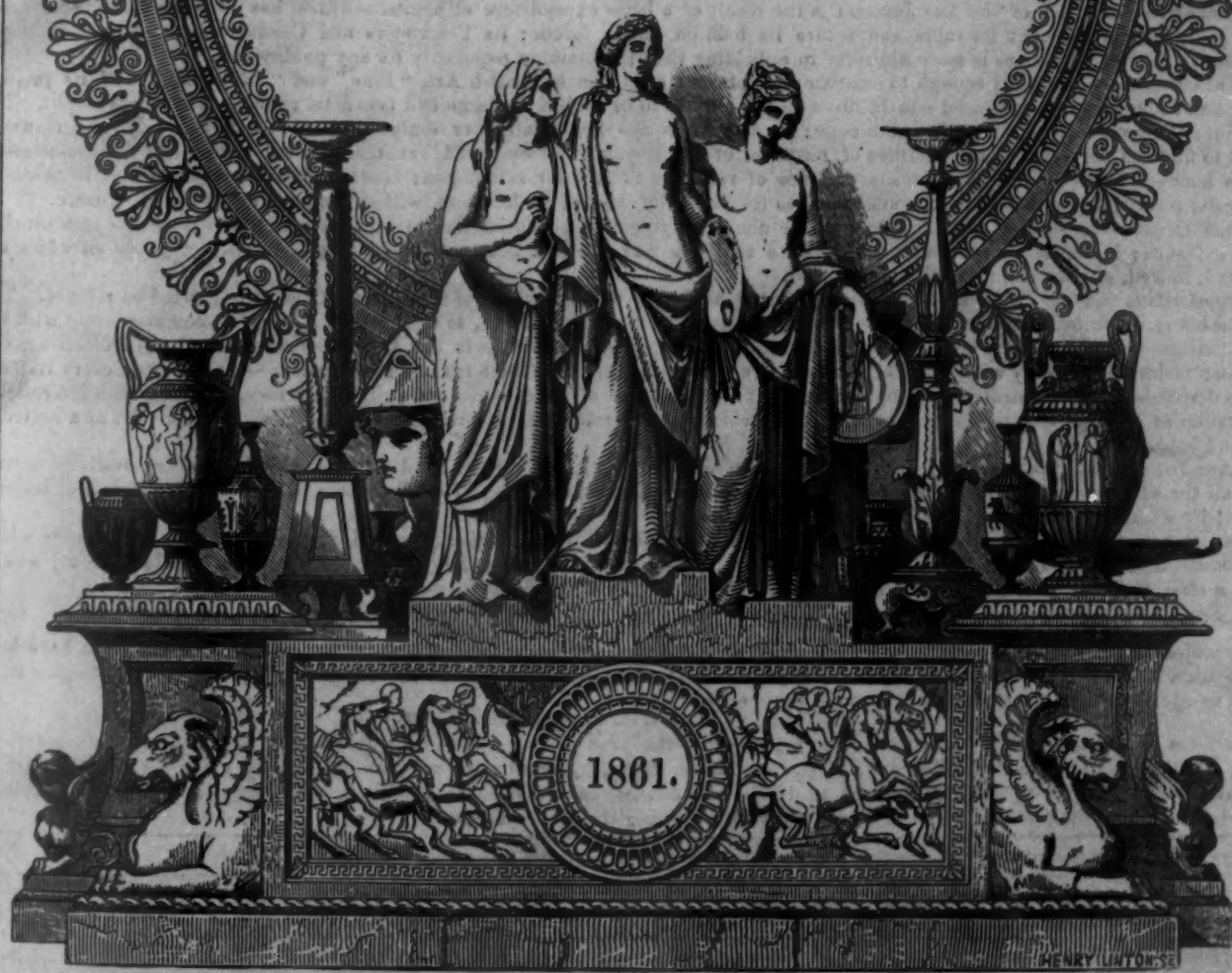
NEW SERIES: CONTAINING THE ROYAL GALLERY.

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OCTOBER.

THE
ART-JOURNAL.



JAMES S. VIRTUE, 26, IVY LANE, LONDON.

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THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. THE MAID OF SARAGOSSA. Engraved by W. GREATHACH, from the Picture by Sir D. WILKIE, R.A., in the Royal Collection at Buckingham Palace.
2. THE SHIPWRECK. Engraved by W. MILLER, from the Picture by J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., in the National Collection.
3. ECCE HOMO. Engraved by MAILLEFER, from the Picture by L. MORALES, in the Gallery of the Louvre.

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On the 1st of January, 1861, we commenced the Twenty-third annual volume of the ART-JOURNAL.

The extensive circulation of the ART-JOURNAL is the result of a large expenditure of capital—which has been continually increased year after year, so as to augment its value and secure its hold on public favour: its Proprietors and Conductors being fully impressed with the important fact that there is more difficulty in upholding than in obtaining popularity for any publication.

Such of our readers as are old enough to compare the present condition of British Art, "Fine" and "Industrial," with its position when the ART-JOURNAL was commenced—in 1839—will not require to be told of the large and beneficial changes time has wrought. The higher arts are now receiving extensive patronage: twenty years ago few painters or sculptors were "commissioned," and it was a rare event to find ten per cent. of the pictures of members of the Royal Academy "sold" at their annual exhibition. Manufacturers, with a few honourable exceptions, hardly made pretence of reference to Art for instruction; content with the chances that occasionally procured good results, and satisfied, for the most part, to follow in the steps of predecessors, without inquiry and without advance.

Various circumstances have combined to produce the gratifying and beneficial improvement of which the present epoch supplies abundant evidence; it cannot be presumptuous to state that the ART-JOURNAL has contributed largely to that progress on which the country, and, indeed, civilization, may be congratulated.

Our Subscribers and the Public may rest assured that in no degree will the efforts of the Conductors of this Journal be relaxed. The Editor, and his many valued coadjutors, will continue to labour, with heart and energy, to render it in all respects commensurate with the growing intelligence of the age; to supply information upon every subject interesting to the Artist, the Amateur, the Manufacturer, and the Artizan: making it not only a record of all "news" concerning the Arts and their various ramifications,—a reporter of every incident it may be desirable to communicate,—but, by drawing on the resources of experienced and enlightened men, affording such information and instruction as may advance the great cause of Art—teaching, while gratifying, its professors and those who pursue Art as a source of pleasure and enjoyment.

The ART-JOURNAL for the year 1861 has, therefore, been commenced with an earnest resolve to improve it by every available means, and with all the advantages that result from long experience of the wants and wishes of its Subscribers, as well as with a grateful sense of the support by which it has obtained the high position it occupies.

During the year 1861, the series of Engravings from Pictures in the Royal Collections (and for the permission to engrave which we are so much indebted to the gracious munificence of Her Majesty the Queen and His Royal Highness the Prince Consort) will be brought to a close, and will be succeeded by a series of

SELECTED PICTURES FROM THE PRIVATE GALLERIES AND COLLECTIONS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

This project has been liberally and considerably aided by collectors, and cordially assisted by many artists. Our selections have been made—we trust and believe with sound judgment—from the most extensive collections in the Kingdom; and we are so arranging as to obtain the co-operation of the best engravers—and of those only.

Subscribers are aware that a *New Series* was begun with the year 1855; when we obtained the honour, graciously accorded, of issuing Engravings from the Royal Pictures; of the new series, therefore, six volumes are now completed: while the series containing the Vernon Gallery—begun in 1849 and ended in 1854—also consists of six volumes. Either series may be obtained separately, and may be considered complete, there being no necessity for obtaining the earlier volumes.

Covers for the Volumes of the ART-JOURNAL can be had of any Bookseller at Three Shillings each.

We reply to every letter, requiring an answer, that may be sent to us with the writer's name and address; but we pay no attention to anonymous communications.

The Office of the Editor of the ART-JOURNAL is 4, Lancaster Place, Waterloo Bridge, Strand, where all Editorial communications are to be addressed. Letters, &c., for the Publishers, should be forwarded to 26, Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row.

All Orders for Advertisements should be sent to J. S. VIRTUE, 294, City Road; 26, Ivy Lane, City; or to 4, Lancaster Place, Waterloo Bridge, Strand.

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THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, OCTOBER 1, 1861.

MEMORIALS OF THE MEDICI.



In the gallery of the Florentine Uffizi, beneath that series of pictures which illustrates the progress and decay of the Pseudo-Christian monkish Art, there is a series of busts affording parallel exemplification of the decline of ancient sculpture from Julius Cæsar to Constantine. The melancholy spiritualism of the mediævals is seen dying away right over above the decay of that noble appreciation of vigorous nature, which (with whatever deficiencies) distinguished the ancients. Madonnas and angels slowly, very slowly, become less meagre and lugubrious; whilst, in the line beneath them, the ancient world is manifestly sinking into inane barbarism. Some of the busts picture forcibly, even as with a Juvenal's pen, the brutish vices of the Cæsars; and as the series proceeds, the works themselves indicate the decay of Art as succeeding that of freedom and morality, and the advance of the long dark period that was to ensue. This collection of the emperors' busts is said to be unrivalled; and deeply interesting it is to become familiar with their faces, by means of these honest, and, one fancies, very boldly unflattering, marble portraits, which proclaim that their august originals bore aspects worthy of their deeds—that is to say, forms of the grossest, vilest types of humanity. The imperial glutton Vitellius, dull and swinish-looking, is represented in two stages of obesity. Caracalla, with the countenance of a malicious and brutal ruffian, gazes askance on his weaker and therefore milder brother, who indeed looks like a most easy victim. The burly herculean savage Maximin is equally characteristic; and so is the Trajan, in a more pleasing way. With his fringe of hair straight down to his eyes, he looks like a plain conversible good sort of man, having nothing imperially ominous about him. Some of the Roman ladies, on the other hand, remind one of the portentous heroines of the darkest and most turgid classical tragedies, or operas, duly dressed and countenanced for their parts. From this gallery it is that you enter the Dactylitheka, or cabinet of gems, the gay and glittering little sepulchre of Medicean magnificence. A most interesting monument is it of the richest men of their times, whose daily movements were between the almost absolute chair of state councils and their counting houses; who evinced a disposition to vie in magnificence with the East with which they traded, as well as to rival the ancients in poetical refinement and purity of taste; and whose agents were continually bringing the most precious marbles and jewels from the remotest countries, as materials for the elegant designs, and wonder-

fully delicate workmanship, of the artists around them. Indeed, the antique gems were here so admirably imitated, that the most learned *dilettanti* have been frequently seduced into a false scent, and have squabbled with each other, in their conflicting classical theories on the subject. Of the treasures here elegantly entombed, the first, however, in poetical import, are, perhaps, from their peerless colour, the vases and tazzas of lapis lazuli. One of them is from a block nearly fourteen inches in diameter. But the most sumptuous specimen of that glorious material is a table, like some deep azure Titian sky, fancifully qualified, to make it a peculiarly appropriate roof or vault for Olympian deities on their solemn festivals, and consequently modulated with various intensities of azure of superbest gorgeousness, freckled with streams of golden stars, and streaked faintly with milky cloudings. Here the lapis lazuli, however, is made to imitate a weltering, slightly-foaming sea (the Egean perhaps), scattered with ships, and ruffled with Ariadne's plaint. Equally marvellous in colour (oh, it would have put Titian finely on his mettle!) is a most rich and mellow red bowl of sardonyx, a divine fragment of our earth which belonged to the first Lorenzo, perfectly plain, only that it is engraved with his name in large, simple, grand letters. It is a tazza worthy of Juno's lip at one of those stateliest banquets already adverted to; nor should we have been at all surprised to find her name—the name of Here—inscribed on it. With this very cup its original owner may have pledged his guests, when presiding over those festivals by which he enticed the Florentines from politics to pleasure, from a jealous side glance at his stealthy ambition, to the flattering honour of his most gracious boon companionship. He himself, most versatile of men, after delighting the more gifted of those about him with a Platonic rhapsody not unworthy of Agathon, or some logical analysis, or Greek epigram, or Aristophanic buffoonery, or, perhaps, a spiritual flight, which might have won for ten minutes Savonarola himself, would head the processions of youthful torch-bearers which roamed the streets of Florence from nightfall till dawning, singing the highly licentious songs (the *Canti Carnaleschi*) he had composed for them. And so he pleased himself in several ways; for not only did he love festivity, not only sweet to him was the return by moonlight of the sound of his own verses, wafted by the choral lips of the young, the gay, the spirited, the beautiful of Florence,—but he knew well (slyest of genial companions) that those youths whose spirits he was thus enkindling, would, in all probability, be as prompt hereafter to follow him with their swords, as then with their festal torches. John of the Cornelions, one of the earliest Florentine artists of the class we are now considering, and a favourite of Lorenzo de Medici—who was very fond of the art of engraving gems, and indeed may be said to have almost introduced it by his patronage—is represented by an intaglio head of Savonarola, in a cowl, and with a meagre rough aspect, like that of some fanatical begging friar: the motto describes him as a prophet and martyr. Valerio the Vicentine, one of this artist's ablest successors, shines in a famous casket wrought for Clement VII., as a marriage present for Catherine de Medici. Benvenuto Cellini, (the immortal Benvenuto!) for his part, is most conspicuous in a classic beaker; its upper part of a huge oddly-shaped pearl, adroitly made available for a swan's head and breast, and decorated, like Venus's own chariot-drawer, with harness of delicate flower-like gems. Amongst the undoubted antiques are little busts of amethyst, which may perhaps have adorned the toilet tables of some of Nero's own mistresses, and rings which their fingers may have

worn; and there are portraits of Roman emperors in cameo, which may have clasped their armlets. Certain tiniest saucers and lilliputian cups of loveliest colour are ranged amongst them. Who can say what these are? Perhaps they were the doll's playthings of some little Julia, Faustina, or Messalina.

But even these are by no means the minutest objects; no, there is one far more so, wrought probably by an Italian woman of the sixteenth century. It is a "Gloria of Saints," in which no less than sixty heads are carved on a peach stone; a work attributed to the beautiful and variously accomplished sculptress of Bologna, Properzia de Rossi, who was so much admired for her wonderful works of this kind. This was the interesting lady, who, also distinguished for the beauty of her person, her peerless musical performances, and her talent for copper-plate engraving, embellished the duomo of her native city with a marble group of Mona Potipheria soliciting San Giuseppe Primo, or il Vecchio, in which the figures are said to have been of remarkable grace and loveliness. The fair Bolognese, it was pretty loudly whispered, dwelt with and elaborated this singularly-chosen subject in the fulness of her own unconjugal infatuation for a certain handsome stripling, in whom reciprocity was not, and of whom the stone was but a feeble emblem, since *that* she had but little difficulty in moulding to her purposes. Vasari assures us that she was considered by the Bolognese to be the miracle of the day, and that she succeeded to admiration in everything she attempted, excepting only her hapless love. Victress in every intellectual pursuit she followed, and conquered only by the excessive softness of her own heart, poor Properzia drooped and died in the flower of her age. When Clement VII. came to Bologna to crown Charles V., he inquired after her talents, and, it may be, after her beauty, and was sadly disappointed to find she was no more.

The Hall of Niobe diverges adjacently, and there stands the group of two figures, in which gentle pathos is combined with so grand a style of beauty, but in which the execution is too inferior to the conception to declare the original hand of Scopas, or Praxiteles, to whom alike a famous work, corresponding with this in description, was attributed by ancient writers. But in *notice*, what more touching than the mother's gathering to herself the terrified daughter, who, seeking her (as ever in mere trivial mischance), throws up her tender arm instinctively, as if that could avert the too fatally pointed arrow. What grandeur of loveliness (indicated imperfectly in the large contours of this copy) must from the original have diffused a tender awe! And especially, how exquisite the attitude and drapery of the young girl—of a graceful, highly-wrought picturesqueness not often fully rivalled in the antique. The pure essence of Greek tragedy seems here embodied; the self-same spirit breathes that inspired the lofty tenderness of the Antigone and Electra of Sophocles. Niobe was, indeed, congealed into a weeping statue, but by her own woes, we believe, rather than by the power of Apollo and Latona; and certain of the simpler Greeks, shepherd pilgrims perhaps, may have fancied that this figure was she herself, the very marble transferred from Mount Sipylus to the tympanum of their temple, with pipings and with choral hymns, to be an object of mingled pity and adoration. Sitting and musing before it, Shelley soon saw rather the perfected beauty of his own ideal, which he has drawn in a prose composition of unequalled gracefulness, and so endowed us with at least some compensation for the loss of the original. His description has certainly a far more consummate loveliness than the particular marble which inspired it.

On such works as the 'Apollino,' and youth-



ful 'Mercury,' in this collection, one lingers with a fond hope that their pure and delicate beauty, their serene simplicity, may sink into the mind, and abide there, giving henceforward something of their tone to taste and intellect, and so favourably influencing manners and morals themselves. Certainly, whatever æsthetic sentimentalists, or mediævalists, may say, the ancients are the unrivalled discoverers in Art of the beauty and majesty of the human form. In seeking those requisites, we have unavoidably been but their followers at a humble distance; and ever in the same pursuit, so far as we are successful, we shall draw near the ancients, whether we esteem them or not. The recent miserable affectation of a moral and pious contempt for them, is but one expression of that affectation of contempt for the body itself, which has much degraded the literature and teaching of this super-moralizing and narrowly intense period. Teach the spirit to despise the body, and you only pander to its narrow pride: you do one of the greatest injuries you can to both: you mutilate and cripple humanity itself, to whose health and fairness their harmonious union is indispensable. Nothing else in critical literature is so ominous of a decline amongst us of that liberal, kindly, beauty-loving feeling, which is the very soul and gentle nurse of all true Art, as the dreary superficial cant, which has recently made the disparagement of the antique a favourite means for the exhibition of morbid, fantastical ideas of purity. For purposes of prejudice, or self-display, it has been highly convenient to assume that "classical Art," "paganism," and "sensuality" are convertible terms; when those who have meanwhile employed themselves in patiently studying the antique, rather than in nursing their own crotchets, distinctly know that, on the contrary, the Greek type of the human form is pre-eminently remarkable for purity and modesty; nor indeed can "paganism," in any odious sense, be said to be the *spirit* of an art, which simply transmutes all the false gods placed into its hands into true and noble human beings. Considering much in the classical mythology, we should surely rather admire the serene and chaste delicacy of the antique sculptor's work; which, to dishonour, is not to honour the human form itself; for it is impossible to imagine it more freed from sensuality, and all base results, than in the best statues of the ancients.

We have, even recently, stumbled on articles in periodicals in which the nude, in any form whatever, is copiously repudiated in language most freely coloured from Scripture. But we cannot believe that the masterpiece of nature's beauty and majesty—the human form—was intended to be consigned to darkness, like something foul and debasing: nor let it be here forgotten, that mystery, as well as display, fascinates imagination. Better, surely, teach the mind to raise itself above base sensitiveness, than to dwell for ever in prudish obscurity, making a bugbear of the crowning example of physical beauty, and throwing a dishonourable veil over the glories of the sixth day of the creation.

The best of the modern sculptors only by direct imitation approach this pure ideal of the human body which is distinctive of the ancients; their own mode of treatment leading them rather to more of fleshy softness, or muscular grossness. Even Michael Angelo's 'Bacchus,' beside the 'Mercury' alluded to, betrays a soft earthy mould, which is sufficiently ungodlike in the comparison, and, notwithstanding all its force and originality, a shape so inferior in ideality, that one cannot think much of the opinion of those who pronounced it an antique, when the sculptor, unearthing what he had himself

buried, played his well-known trick upon them. The figure is simply some slender soft-bodied savage in a state of fierce, serious drunkenness. Irregularly, vinously balanced, he stands with a countenance that promises little but fragmentary ramblings of speech and hiccups. Michael Angelo's imagination, with all its height and depth, does not here seem to have had genial breadth enough to include Bacchus within its range. The earliest philanthropist, the source of *fine* and genial inspirations, the hero, has been treated but shabbily here. Why, any one of his Bacchicals, even, on looking so, would inevitably be kicked out of his company, or transmuted into a form homogeneous and suitable, a goat or swine, in very proper and expedient punishment of his dulness and grossness. The figure is not at all above the level of a far-gone Comus, pledging the "dark-veiled Cotytto," in his wanton palace, right amidst the hideous wood, with cupbearers and chambermaids having zoological countenances lying around them; where they are all sunk beneath vinous fumes, not long before the fast approach, up the rosiely kindling eastern peaks, of Aurora, who will blush yet redder to find them thus helplessly scattered under the dew-silvered pines.

And yet this is the very statue which the author of "Modern Painters" (mistaken again, as most commonly, in the figure branch of his subject) actually selects, in one of his highly-wrought, culminating passages, as a shining light to throw into the shade of contempt, or disregard, the antique Art—"the Pagan Formalisms," as he calls them—around. This joyless, fierce-looking figure, staggering in his cups, is represented by that gift-wasting pen, as a "white lassitude of joyous limbs, panther-like, yet passive" (passive enough, certainly, under the influence of the wine-cup), "fainting with their own delight" (not from the wine aforesaid!) "that gleam among the Pagan Formalisms of the Uffizii, showing themselves in their lustrous lightness, as the waves of an alpine torrent do by their dancing among the dead stones." The 'Niobe,' the 'Minerva,' the 'Venus de Medici,' the 'Apollino,' are thus pleasantly lumped together as "Pagan Formalisms," and "dead stones," or else ignored with a serenity which is certainly something beyond emulation, and Michael Angelo's wild serious savage is exalted for that which is, in plain sober fact, its very opposite. In the reverse of all this there would have been some truth; but purposes establishing themselves on the severe lofty religious tone, were most effectively promoted by a grand flourish about Michael Angelo, as the assumed expositor in Art of thoughts of that tone; and Michael Angelo was most easily set off, by massing the ancients together, as the representatives of irreligion and earthly darkness, under the name of "Pagan Formalism," and sacrificing them off-hand as foils to the mighty Florentine. This is what we formerly alluded to as the *Sacrificial Style of Rhetoric*; and now we advert to it again, it is by no means from motives centring themselves on any individual, but simply because we consider it an abuse prevalent in our literature, against which it is highly desirable to warn the unwary reader. And it is a habit demoralizing to the writer himself; for commonly self-display is its first object, and the exhibition of even the favourite member of the comparison is strictly and altogether subordinate. The writer was here, of course, thinking infinitely more of his own attractive image of the bright "alpine torrent dancing among the dead stones," than of Michael Angelo; and much less of the poor ancients was he thinking, than of certain fine Shelleyisms of imagery and expression, which would help him to give grace and brilliancy to an ambitious passage. We

hardly think that he can ever have looked steadily, with the coolness of a disengaged fancy, at either the 'Bacchus' or the 'Niobe.' Indeed, the rapid popularity of his first volume does seem to have hurried his mind to a heated pace, which has since never slackened—does seem to have stimulated far overmuch the desire to assume the proud and tempting position of the great reformer and renovator of Art amongst us. Having attained a well-merited reputation as a fine landscape painter in words, as a keen-eyed expositor of stones, and trees, and clouds, and waters, of which he really knew much, he was, in his second volume, in far too great a hurry to fancy himself a hierophant, or oracle, in matters of a wholly different kind, of which he knew, or had really felt, little or nothing: and hence, to all appearance, that dash into Italy with his prejudices and his fancy alone fully awake—that prompt air of learned familiarity with little-known works, which he seems hardly to have looked at, coupled with a mild oblivion of most of the masterpieces; and hence (which is a far more serious matter) a profusion of rash dogmatism in metaphysics and religious morality, in a strain excellently well fitted to destroy cheerful freedom of conception and of heart, and natural sense of beauty; as we see so clearly exemplified in the works of those who have most given themselves up to his teaching.

But a few more words on the sacrificial style of rhetoric, before leaving that subject. The length to which it naturally runs is amusingly enough shown in an instance in which, having abased the Laocoon for the purpose of exalting M. Angelo, Mr. Ruskin, in the self-same matter, and for precisely the same cause, absolutely nullifies the work of M. Angelo, for the purpose of exalting Tintoretto. In the Laocoon, he tells us, there is no knowledge of serpents; and after elaborately testing the dreadful agents of Apollo's anger on strict zoological principles, he comes to the conclusion that they are "no better than pieces of tape with heads to them." But M. Angelo, in his 'Plague of Serpents,' he proceeds to say, renders the same circumstances accurately; and the grandeur of his treatment (which is dwelt on in a high strain) is attributed to "the greater knowledge and more faithful rendering of the truth." So far we are drawn on smoothly enough; but by-and-by the critic finds, it so happens, that his favourite Tintoret, in a picture of the very same subject, introduces, not serpents, but "little flying monsters, like lampreys with wings;" and this is at once hailed, with a plenitude of satisfaction, as truer to Scripture. "The Lord sent fiery serpents, and they bit the people," observes Mr. Ruskin, quoting the sacred narrative, and next adding, "We are not told that they crushed the people to death. This," he goes on to say, "is also the most terrific conception. M. Angelo's would be terrific if one could believe in it; but our instinct tells us that boa-constrictors do not come in armies; and we look upon the picture with as little emotion as upon the handle of a vase, or any other form worked out by serpents, where there is no probability of serpents actually occurring." Thus M. Angelo's work, after all the former ardent praise (which is quite excessive, by the bye), is quietly given up; and thus, in converting the serpents into winged reptiles, Mr. Ruskin does not hesitate to amend the Scripture narrative, on no grounds whatever except his intense anxiety for serpentine verisimilitude. He insists inflexibly on zoological accuracy in a miracle, and on no other terms will he permit himself to be moved for a moment. Now all this we take to be simply an illustration of the writer's want of imaginative sympathy, of his deficiency of the feeling requisite to enable him to conceive subjects in a poetical spirit.

Else, touched by these sublime representations of human suffering, he would, at such a moment, have troubled his head somewhat less about zoology, or, remembering that the *events* were miraculous, have thought that the *instruments* might possibly be so too; that, peradventure, Divine anger may send other agents and ministers than such as a Pre-Raphaelite can make diligent and faithful studies of piecemeal in the Zoological Gardens.

This restless, over-exacting matter-of-factism in Art, which, encouraged by Mr. Ruskin, has recently so much spread amongst us, is the chief of those fatal errors from which our present melancholy decline ensues. It is, indeed, the vital question, inasmuch as it supersedes all freedom of conception, and fritters away the mind in a consideration of multitudes of minor things, often such as no cultivated man cares to look at a second time. Its pedantry is extreme, and without remorse. Proud of a mere smattering of scientific knowledge, recently acquired in a scientific age, it heaps contempt on the great artists of an earlier and more imaginative age, who had not yet attained that smattering. The Laocoon is elaborately despised because of the want of serpentine information which it exhibits. A want of zoological accuracy in artists of ancient days, in which zoology was little known, is, by virtue of a little dabbling in knowledge acquired in an age in which zoology is highly cultivated, confidently assumed as a ground for handing over the masterpieces of Art to contempt. Here the critic's ignorance of the limit of what can reasonably be expected from the Art of different ages, is far more reprehensible than the sculptor's paucity of reptile erudition. Flaxman, or Westmacott (it was one or the other, we do not remember which), knew better, when remarking upon certain anatomical inaccuracies in the Elgin marbles, he no whit the less considered them the finest things he knew of. An artist's like a poet's conceptions are necessarily much limited by the knowledge to which his age has attained; it is his to give the most beautiful and imaginative shape and expression to that knowledge; he will even make considerable additions to it, but you cannot expect him to be the Argus-eyed discoverer of all the appearances and phenomena of nature in such objects as he introduces.

Michael Angelo (to whom the Bacchus first brought us) had a purgatorial rather than a heavenly imagination. It had height, most profound depth, but less of breadth, less of horizontal human extension and capacity. His subjects requiring dramatic variety and pliability (his 'Crucifixion of St. Peter,' for instance, lately engraved in this Journal, and gentler Madonna themes) are too commonly mere displays of elaborate artificial posturing, fantastical, and even weak of conception, beside the mark, and it must be added, beneath it. There was a certain dash of pride, exclusiveness, and unsociability in his noble independent character, which may in some degree account for this imperfect range of his sympathies. He would not, or he could not, easily descend from his solitary height; hence his assumed contempt for the graces and ornaments of Art, for oil-painting itself, which (confounding smallness and delicacy with littleness) he absurdly pronounced fit only for women and children. There was even some alloy of churlish jealousy, quite unworthy of him, in his utterly unfounded assertion in a letter discovered some years back, that whatever Raphael knew in the Art, he knew from him. A remarkable contrast this to Raphael's declaration, recorded by Condivi, that he esteemed himself fortunate to have been born in the same age with Michael Angelo; that it was his greatest honour that Michael Angelo would deign to enter into competition with him.

But, after all, these mighty men should both be hailed with pure unalloyed thankfulness, as the complement of each other. As we may say of our own Milton and Shakspeare, what one had not, the other possessed; and the two together fill the great circle of their sphere—are as the twin coursers of Apollo's car, that suffice for his whole orbit. If Michael Angelo could not embody the divine tenderness of the New Testament, in portraying with awful solemnity the prophetic spirit of the older dispensation he is utterly unapproachable. Titans, too, condemned in a kind of limbo to infinite meditations, Michael Angelo immortalizes in our imaginations most sublimely. We seldom read that passage in Milton in which are described the ruined angels on a hill retired, reasoning of foreknowledge, will, and fate, without thinking what a subject it would have been for Buonarroti. Perhaps, after all, his supreme creations are to be found in his own Florence. Of all places of pilgrimage there, the grandest is assuredly San Lorenzo, where rise before you his monuments of two of the later Medici. Few figures in Art exercise so powerful a sway over the imagination as that of the Duke Lorenzo. Majestically he sits over the sarcophagus, not merely deep in thought, but revolving questions unspeakably momentous and awful. His finger over his upper lip, he looks forth with a severe, fixed, melancholy gaze, which, seen but dimly under the shadow of his projecting helmet, strangely rivets the beholder, acts like a spell on him, and sends imagination wandering through solemn unearthly ways of thought. Beneath him, Morning and Evening are locked in meditation on his tomb; Morning, a primordial, profound, astonishing female figure, drawing herself up with the first movement that follows sleep, is waking to thoughts of sorrow and pain; for craft, unhallowed power, and tyranny without remorse, prevail in the lovely world, as never they prevailed before; not buried with him who sits above, but perpetuated more darkly by his evil spirit infusing itself into the issue of his loins.

Rogers has very finely touched the figure of the duke; but when he says that "he meditates, his head upon his hand," he scarcely marks the sinister regardfulness and vigilance that characterize it: so some potentate, in his close heart hostile to England, may be freely conceived as sitting, steadfastly gazing towards the low flats of some Sussex or Devonshire bay, stealing the rifled cannon into his fleet, and then hesitating, because the murmur of public opinion, or rather the hum of defensive preparation, like the distant sound of an awakened ocean, strikes and troubles his ear. But when the poet in his description next asks whether that which scowls beneath "the helm-like bonnet" is "a face, or but an eyeless skull," he is perhaps undesirably vague even for poetry. Deeply impressed by Michael Angelo's mysterious spirituality, we know that no works disdain interpretation so much as his; but looking at the very remarkable character of the prince thus commemorated by his sepulchral chisel, we cannot resist the impression that something of pointed moral portraiture and comment were here within his purpose. For who was this Duke Lorenzo? One whom an acute Venetian envoy of the time considered scarcely inferior to Cæsar Borgia himself in cunning and ability; and to whom Macchiavelli specially dedicated his treatise of "The Prince." As represented here, he is said to have been of a noble presence, and not without courage, but destitute of every generous heroic quality. His latter years were spent in the shameless acquisition of the duchy of Urbino, with the aid of his uncle, Leo X., a pontiff as unscrupulous, and even cruel, in his political

manœuvres, as he was good-natured and liberal in personal intercourse with his boon companions; but even as the nephew, step by step, move by move, was gaining the coveted prize, so his body was gradually wasted away by his licentious life, and save for a few brief months, his ducal throne is here.

This family of Medici, from the noblest and most munificent of merchants, degenerated most gradually into the vilest and basest of princes; steadily becoming worse and worse, from the judicious and comparatively moderate Cosmo down to the bluish mulatto, Alessandro, by nice gradations, which seem natural and explicable enough, when we consider that the princes of each generation were more and more nurtured in the maxims of selfish ambition, and unscrupulous despotism. The shrewdness of the counting-house thus by degrees darkened in their bosoms to that statecraft which became the favourite problem of Macchiavelli, and the prime pattern of the depraved ambition, which in that age built up everywhere abstruse and pitiless tyranny on the ruins of the mediæval communes and aristocracies. To us it seems that Michael Angelo here had in his mind an ideal representation of the bold and sinister craft of these Italian princes, "who conquered sitting," yet by means far different from those of the ancient Italians who originated that magnificent saying. But on what does this Duke Lorenzo meditate? that is the question we continually ask ourselves, whilst contemplating his ominous figure. Has he not now, with that fixed look, some astrological prescience of the twofold mischief to issue from his loins, in the shape of his son, and his daughter,—his son, the bastard Alessandro, future tyrant of Florence, loathed for a Moorish licentiousness* and cruelty, the murderer and the murdered;—his daughter, Catherine de Medici, prime mover, on the Eve of St. Bartholomew, of the re-establishment of priestcraft and kingcraft, combined in full iniquity. Or is he devising the death of his uncle, whose statue is opposite? for this he is believed to have done, to clear the way for his own elevation. Even these meditations seem not strange and awful enough; and sitting with that dark-plotting, almost spectral look, he calls to mind those of whom Dante speaks as still living in Florence, their forms animated by demons long after their souls had been hurled to their last account. These are all mysteries; but one thing we may affirm with confidence. With no fulsome, unambiguous, allegoric lie, insulting to outraged virtue, has Michael Angelo deigned to adorn the tomb of one of the vile caterpillars of his country. All is marked with that deep sense of the predominance of evil power, which is distinctly avowed in the sonnet he addressed to Strozzi on one of these monuments.

The figure on the other, of Leo X.'s brother, Giuliano, the best of the later Medici, is mildly majestic; and beneath him Night and Day recline—Night dreaming of sad and fatal things, and Day, a Titan, looking forth with vigilance. In these two monuments, beyond comparison his finest sculptures, we see how little Michael Angelo owed to the ancients in the formation of his style, or in the way of direct imitation. The little that he did derive from them in these respects was from works of a somewhat violent and extravagant character, and therefore little accordant with that serene grace and beauty by which they were chiefly distinguished. Heedless of these things, Michael Angelo's anatomy is frequently exaggerated, and even puffy; and his proportions

* Scandal, however, believed, and with more probability, that this cobra-capella of a man, Alessandro, was the offspring of Pope Clement VII., by a maid-servant.

(as if he had been rapidly careless in setting his points, no less than impetuous in his strokes) are sometimes even widely wrong, as in the leg of this most profound and sublime figure of Night. His magnificent fantasies of strange posture sometimes give way to an extravagance, which can only be liked on the supposition that oddness is one cause of the mingled sensations which arise on entering that unearthly purgatorial hall, that limbo populous with inexplicable geni, to which his mighty spirit conducts us; but where we are spellbound by results, we may as well not trouble ourselves too much about strange means. The architectural adjuncts in the sacristy of San Lorenzo, designed also by Buonarroti, are of a chaste, simple, but not wholly unornate beauty, and somewhat small, so as not to detract by comparison from the size and importance of the sculptures. The whole is a scene *unique*; architecture ministering modestly, but with dignity, to sculpture; and sculpture so quickened by thought and mysterious spirituality as to become, in this instance, a thing by itself alone, occupying, independently, a height not inferior to that of any works by the ancients which have been preserved for us.

The mausoleum of the Medici adjoins—a domed octagon, encased everywhere with variegated marbles; but with all its enormous costliness, the general effect is dull and heavy. Only when you look closely into details are you much interested; when you examine the shields of the different cities subject to Florence in the richest *pietra dura*, heightened by gems, the funeral urns, and the ponderous sarcophagi, ranged all around, of the wretched family that thinned itself away, hastened its own extinction by murdering each other. The corporal remains of these foxes (so often fox-devoiced!) were, during some recent repairs, unearthed for a few moments, and found, most of them, to be in astonishing preservation. Very delectable vestiges of their *minds*, on the other hand, have been exhumed from the depths of the adjacent Laurentian library; for these princes, from the morbid form into which intense selfishness and egotism will run, and the moral callousness and obtuseness which accompany the pride of merely intellectual craft, indulged the highly curious habit of treasuring up records and little memoranda of their own iniquity, which are still preserved. It wanted, perhaps, not very much of their keeping, with instincts inherited from merchant sires, a ledger of dark outgoings with their returns, duly posted, debtor and creditor, complete and neat. But even as it was, in this unconscious service of justice, they hoarded up for future ages, with extraordinary care and diligence, evidences of many a secret intrigue and dark crime, which otherwise might have been forgotten.

And in Titian's portrait of him in the Pitti (whither we will now hasten for a few moments, to sun our imaginations in the glow of Venetian colour) there is indeed a latent fierceness hinting him not incapable even of such things as this. His tastes were far more for arms than mass books; yet he was a munificent patron of Art, and not only encouraged literature, but practised it, by translating a Second Book of the *Æneid*. In fact, in the true Medicean way, he patronized every good thing except religion and morality. Titian, therefore, with a commendable propriety, has represented him most unclerically in his uniform as commander of the Pope's Hungarian legion,—a costume which reminds one of a splendid Persian hunting-dress, a javelin in one hand, the other on his sword. He is handsome, swarthy, obviously of a passionate haughty temperament, though at present, very magnificently, under calm dignified self-command. His cousin Alessan-

dro, absolute Lord of Florence, solicited their common friend, the celebrated burlesque poet Berni, to poison him; but the bard, unhandisomely shirking the suggestion, was himself poisoned. Nevertheless, the cardinal in a few months met with the required fate at the hands of his relative. The tone of this portrait of him is magnificent: with that tunic of most memorably sumptuous madder-brown, and sunburnt, nay, passion-burnt, complexion, it is a Titianesque approach towards the glowing depth of Rembrandt. There is no collection of Titian's portraits comparable to that in the Pitti Palace; nor are any memorials more interesting than these of the very thought and life of so many different characters of Italy's highly refined period. How admirable amongst them is the Pietro Aretino! Yet the long grey-black beard, large dark features, and rough insolent look would almost do for Shylock standing up in court for justice. So formidable an expression must have been felt as flattering by this bully of the quill—the Scourge of Princes, as he called himself, although in all his works not a word against any prince is to be found; so effectually did bribes, or fears, restrain him. He wears the gold collar sent him by Francis I., and a rich mulberry-coloured silk robe, glossed in the most masterly manner by two or three brave filmy streaks of the pencil. The whole is painted and toned with the most refined force and mastery Art ever attained.

In the Pitti Palace, which contains by far the finest collection of portraits in the world, it is especially interesting to compare those by the two grandest of portrait painters, Titian and Raphael. Titian's, we see, proceeded from a mind habituated to take a grand view of the intellectual nature as qualified by the *sensuous*, by a rich and noble development of certain physical elements of our composition; Raphael's, on the other hand, rising more to the intellectual, as qualified by the *spirit*. The Venetian's point of regard was, no doubt, much determined by his predominant feeling for colour, which is allied to the sensuous, as seen in the fervid glow of the cheek and brow,—the furtive gleam and liquid sparkle of the eye, rich as the sunset on the rosy-russet palaces of old Venice, on her fair swelling domes around, and distant snows of Julian Alps, limpidly lustrous as the twinkle which the oar of the sunburnt-arm wakes even in shadowy places of her dark green waters. And Titian's notions of human character and deportment were no less qualified by his every-day subjects of contemplation at Venice. To even foreign sitters he would give the calm, but keen, subtle, and self-commanding tone of a procurator of St. Mark: to even nymphs and goddesses he would impart the sunny looks and ample proportions of those Signoras whose fancies and wits were more active than their limbs; so that what with lounging in gondolas, and walking so little, and that daintily too, in chopines, their charms attained the very limit of that exuberance which Venus would allow of in her nymphs in waiting. We simply mean that were they but a little fatter, there would be considerable risk of the goddess sending them about their business. Turn we to Raphael's portraits, and we find gifts and experiences of a different kind—an art directed rather to that full and noble representation of *form*, which is more important than colour in the expression of pure intellect and spirit; an imagination able and apt to rise above local and conventional influences, and body forth more openly the inner essential nature of the personages depicted. But the consideration of Raphael's portraits here must be reserved for some other occasion.

W. P. B.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE MAID OF SARAGOSSA.

Wilkie, Painter. W. Greatbatch, Engraver.
Size of the picture, 4 ft. 7½ in. by 3 ft. 4 in.

FRUITFUL as the history of Spain is in deeds of almost chivalric heroism, there are few passages in the annals of the country exhibiting more endurance under privation and disease, and greater courage against a brave and persevering enemy, than the records of the city of Saragossa during what is known as the "Peninsular war," in the early part of the present century, when it sustained two sieges by the French armies, in the last of which, after a most obstinate resistance, it was compelled to surrender. Still later, in March, 1838, Cabanero, one of the generals of Don Carlos, succeeded in penetrating at night into the city, and taking possession of the principal posts. The people, however, were not disheartened. Without chiefs, and badly armed, they fell upon their assailants, made two thousand prisoners, and expelled the remainder from the place.

It was in the spring of 1808 that the French troops first invested the city. Having appointed Palafox as their commander, the inhabitants determined to defend themselves to the last extremity, and to perish rather than submit. The French general summoned Palafox to surrender, in the following laconic terms:—"Head-quarters, Santa Eulalia. Capitulate." The Spanish general replied in a sentence equally laconic:—"Head-quarters, Saragossa. War to the knife." A council was at once held by the Spanish commanders, and a resolution adopted, to which the inhabitants agreed unanimously, that the French should be attacked without further delay. On the night of the same day the first onset was made on the invaders, and with irresistible fury; for eleven days it continued almost without intermission, till the French general, finding he could no longer hold that portion of the city to which he had advanced, raised the siege, with the loss of several thousand men. In the autumn of the same year Saragossa was again invested. For nearly three months its heroic defenders resisted all their efforts, till reduced in numbers by the prolongation of the contest, by famine and fever, they agreed to an honourable capitulation. It was in this second siege that the Maid of Saragossa, the name by which this brave young woman is now known in history, obtained for herself imperishable renown as a second Joan of Arc.

Wilkie painted this picture in Spain, in 1827, but it was not exhibited till 1829, at the Royal Academy, when it appeared under the title of "The Defence of Saragossa," a more appropriate one than that which it has since received, and which we have adopted. Wilkie himself thus describes the composition:—"The heroine Augustina is here represented in the battery in front of the convent of Santa Eulalia, where her husband"—some writers say it was her lover—"being slain, she found her way to the station he had occupied, stepped over his body, took his place at the gun, and declared she would herself avenge his death. The principal persons engaged in placing the gun are Don Joseph Palafox, who commanded the garrison during the memorable siege, but who is here represented in the habit of a volunteer. In front of him is the Reverend Father Concolacion, an Augustin friar, who served with great ability as an engineer, and who, with the crucifix in his hand, is directing at what object the cannon should be pointed. On the left side of the picture is seen Basilio Boggiero, a priest, who was tutor to Palafox, celebrated for his share in the defence, and for his cruel fate when he fell into the hands of the enemy; he is writing a despatch to be sent by a carrier-pigeon, to inform their distant friends of the unsubdued energies of the place."

This picture is so familiar to the public, and is so justly appreciated, that any comment is almost superfluous. It is, perhaps, the best work of a strictly historical character Wilkie ever painted, most spirited in design and careful in execution; the movement and expression of the figures are exceedingly animated, so much so that the spectator seems to wait breathlessly for the roar of the cannon. It is in the Royal Collection at Buckingham Palace.



WILKIE. PINXT

W. GREATBACH. SCULPT

THE MAID OF SARAGOSSA.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

LONDON JAMES S. VIRTUE



TURNING POINTS IN THE LIVES
OF GREAT ARTISTS.

No. 3.—THE TRIUMPH OF PHIDIAS.

BY WALTER THORNBURY,

AUTHOR OF "TURKISH LIFE AND CHARACTER," AND "BRITISH
ARTISTS, FROM HOGARTH TO TURNER."

It is the eve of the Olympic games, and the people of Elis, who have charge of the rites that celebrate the victories of Jupiter over the Titans, are swarming in from the neighbouring country: the olive-gatherers are coming from all those parts of Peloponnesus lying west of Arcadia, along the hill roads, the mountain paths, the bridle tracks, through the valleys, where the wild laurel grows greenest; the fishermen from the banks of the rivers Larissus and Neda—the silver-fringing frontiers of Achaia and Messenia—are hastening into Olympia, having on their shoulders nets full of the glittering Erinthus fish, for the consumption of the visitors. There are hunters, too, of the wild boar and the deer, from the shores of the Alpheus and Erymanthus rivers; and every third man of them carries his myrtle-wood spear in one hand as a staff, while he bears a string of quails on his back, or a fawn or kid, with the fore and hind feet bound together with bands of green hemp, or thongs of the fibrous Colyrian plant. There are vine-dressers, also, with hands still dark-stained with the grape-pressing—for the Olympian festival is only held every five years, and the olive crown is a prize envied throughout all Greece.

Within the unwall'd cluster of villages that constitute the town of Olympia, the streets are thronged with robed men—quiet citizens as well as brawny wrestlers, sinewy boxers, lithe leapers, keen-eyed charioteers, and broad-backed youths, naked all but a short tunic, and who swing rings of steel in either hand. Those dark-eyed, long-robed men, who mutter to themselves at street corners, or who read to friends from crumpled parchments, are poets and orators, who, in subtler and more difficult, though less bloody, combat, are also going to contend for the olive crown. That full-browed dark man, sitting under the statue of Mercury, is Monymus, the Corinthian orator, and his lean, sharp-featured, yellow friend is Evagoras, the Athenian poet. They are talking of that great sculptor Phidias, who, four years ago, was banished from Athens on a charge of impiety, and who has sought refuge in Elis, where he has executed a statue of Jupiter, which is to be unveiled at these very games. But let me describe where these two men and Phaselis, the young Spartan athlete who has just joined them, are sitting: they are not far from the olive grove of Jupiter, and about a quarter of a mile from the plain where the games this day begin to be celebrated. It is a quiet, shady spot, with olive-trees planted here and there, and on its verge a small mule-path, winding between scrub, myrtle bushes, and here and there a shining laurel, whose bright green leaves are gilded by the sunshine. It is midsummer, and the ground between the olive-trees is dusty, white, and split in dark veins with the heat; into these and from these flit and glide the dust-coloured lizards, while now and then a tortoise trots across the path, or a snake springs at and bears off an outlying grasshopper. There is a bleached ox's skull nailed up against the split and twisted olive-tree under which the three competitors sit, and upon the dry leaves over head the cicadas chirp. As Phaselis is rubbing the wrestlers' oil into his arms, to make them lithe for the coming contest for the olive-crown, Evagoras, the Athenian orator, putting up the roll he had been conning, says, "Now, by the gods,

O Phaselis! tell me, I beseech, the forms and ceremonies of these Olympian games, for I come hither from Athens as ignorant of them as if I were indeed a mere barbarian, and had never heard of Jove, or of how he overwhelmed the Titans with the might of his terrible right hand; but out of mercy to the athletes of Elis, lad, do not make thyself more slippery than the Ægean dolphin."

"Why, thou serpent-tongued leader of the people, dost thou not know we always rub our hands with dust before we begin the *Pentathlon*? How could a—?"

"Twas but to vex thee, thou choleric drinker of black broth. Did I not, when even such a lad as thee, bear the famous Cypselus of Plataea, with the Cestus, at the Theban Heraclaea? and is not the brazen tripod I won still on my cypress writing-table, in my house in Æolus Street, in the city of Minerva? I have heard, but vaguely, I confess, of the ritual of these games."

"Well, by Bacchus! man, thou art now so fat and scant of breath that a tortoise would out-run thee, a child outleap thee, since all the strength of thy arms seems to have passed into thy tongue, which is untiring as the cicada. Know then, O ignorant orator! that the two judges of the games, stripped like athletes, sit at one end of our stadium on ivory chairs, holding the olive wreaths before them; and on either side, robed in white and purple, stand the *alentai*, to see that no woman is present, that order be kept, and that the sacrifices to Jove be duly performed; the cymbal men and flute-players, too, are near the judges' thrones. The judges then first take the oath not to receive bribes, to act impartially, and not to disclose their reasons for rejecting any combatant—"

"Not even why Phaselis, with two black eyes and only half his teeth, was sent away limping and without a crown."

"Nay, by Saturn! but I'll unteeth one or two rogues first," says the young Spartan, laughing, and striking out at the unoffending air in pure fun with his tremendous iron-bound arms; "but how can I get on if I am perpetually interrupted?"

"Be quiet there, you chattering cicada," says the orator, smiling at the youth's impatience; "and you, tortoise yonder, don't keep clicking your shelly back against that big stone, for it is a nut you will never crack, and Phaselis here, the hero of Sparta, bears no interruption."

"If thou dost not be quiet, I'll leave thee in ignorance," says Phaselis. "The wrestlers are then appointed by lot, having first sworn that they have been at least ten months in exercise, that they are not criminals or impious men, and that they will use no unfair means to win the victory. We then (O how I shall tremble with anxiety when it comes to me!) throw each small dice inscribed with certain letters into a silver urn held and shaken by the *alutarkes*—those who draw the same letter fight together, and he who has the odd letter fights the winner. O Jove! grant me the odd letter, that I may vanquish a champion who has vanquished others."

"So should I pray," said Monymus, "so he would come to me beaten to a purple pulp, and half blind, and with flagging arms; O if I ever have to fight, give me no dusty-leaved olive-crown, but a good gold tripod, or a chariot inlaid with silver!"

"Ha! thou low-minded creature of earth, to whom honour and glory are no more than dusty leaves! But now it is for me to question: is it true, O Evagoras! that this Phidias of yours, who unveils his statue to-day, did indeed execute such a glorious image of Minerva for Pericles, the old enemy of Lacedæmon? I know him well, this Phidias, and meet him daily on the plain where we exercise. They say he comes to see our athletes run and wrestle, that he may imitate the bend and

curve of their muscles in ivory. Pray Jove, he imitate not the long legs of Evander, or the crooked arms of little Thrasylus! This Phidias is regarded by our Olympians with suspicion, for they know not for what dark crimes he fled hither from Athens. We have this week rumours of the great gold and ivory statue he has made, and the next week we hear he is howled and pelted out of the city. Thy nation is a fickle nation, Evagoras, and well did they take the restless, chattering, improvident grasshopper for their emblem."

"It is not for us," says Evagoras, "being friends together here, and also guests of Olympia, to recommence the Peloponnesian war, and fight it out between ourselves—were indeed an old poet and a young warrior at all equal combatants; but since thou desirest to hear of Phidias, I will tell thee till it is time for us to go to the games—that last shout, I think, warns us that the judges have already mounted their thrones. If thou hast not visited the sacred city, thou at least hast heard that after the Persian war our great Pericles rebuilt and enlarged the temple of Minerva, on that rock of the Acropolis that is seen from the sea. The statue was made of ivory and gold; the bust of ivory, the armour of gold. Vulcan and Mercury themselves could not have excelled this work; it seemed indeed as if a lifetime could not have accomplished such a labour. On one side of her shield was wrought the battle of the Amazons, on the other the wars of the gods and the giants; on her sandals the Centaurs and Lapithæ fought and struggled; on her breastplate a Medusa's head with snaky locks almost petrified you with horror. On the base of the statue, finally, the birth of Pandora was figured, with twenty of the gods appearing as bystanders."

"O excellent artificer!" exclaim the two listeners.

"But did not this Phidias steal some of the gold consecrated to the statue?" says the Corinthian; "some such rumour certain merchants brought to Corinth."

"O Discord, sister of Nemesis and the Parca! what lies thou sowest over the earth! Phidias was a good man and an honest citizen, for Monymus here defended him in the suit, and he paid him full weight. It was not so. The sculptors of Athens, envious of his fame, did truly accuse him of having stolen some gold, upon which he removed it (for, by the wise advice of Pericles, he had made the ornaments of the statue movable), weighed it, and so proved his innocence."

"Well, and that quitted him?" say the orator and the athlete in one breath.

"No, friends, by no means quitted him; for then all the envious gold-workers and marble-chippers in Athens rose in arms, and howling like wolves, came together on Mars Hill, that little mound near our Acropolis, to discuss Phidias and his crimes."

"Were you there among those yelping curs, that wanted Pericles to whip them back to their kennels?" says the young Spartan, rubbing the oil fiercely into his already supple knee-joints.

"Yes, I was there, hoping to find materials in that noisy rabble for a poem in a Doric measure on the 'fickleness of the populace.' There they were, rolling and seething about, heads together, eyes squinting with envy and bloodshot with rage—all the jewellers from Mercury Street, and all the figure-head carvers from the Piræus, some with shipwright axes, others with chisels ground sharp as daggers, some with augers, and others with mallets still white with marble dust—a dark, pale, scurvy mob as ever I saw, with the banishing shells in their hands, ready to throw into the air."

"They would not have murdered the great

Phidias," says Monymus; "no, by Minerva! the Furies had never prompted them to such baseness as that?"

"Murdered! no, indeed; but banished. Yes: but they would have dispersed quietly, when up gets me a little dark, yellow, pert man, with a rough voice and restless, bad eye—a public informer, as I took it—who swears that only yesterday, being engaged in studying the beauty of the great statue of the goddess, he had discovered that the impious Phidias had introduced on the shield his own portrait and that of Pericles into his 'Battle of the Amazons.'"

"And off went the people to see for themselves, I suppose," said Phaselis, dashing his iron cestuses together with blows that would have crushed in a bull's skull, so deeply was his youthful enthusiasm and veneration for genius aroused.

"What! the people go and see for themselves?—not they; they listen to any liar who is glib and confident. No, at once, with the voice of Jove's thunder, and with brandished weapons, they shouted, 'Phidias ranks himself with Theseus and the demigods! let Phidias be banished!' At once, in spite of my leaping on a Hermes and trying to quiet them, some thousand of these noisy chick-pea and onion eaters ran to the house of the great Phidias, tore him from a statue at which they found him working, and drove him with slates and stones, ox bones and stale fish, pale, bleeding, half clothed, and scrip-less, on the road to Olympia."

"Was that the last you saw of him?" said Monymus. "Could not Pericles or the Archons interfere? was the Areopagus powerless? why did not the priests run in and soothe the people?"

"O that Minerva had flashed her Medusa on those curs!" said Phaselis, raising his armed hand to heaven.

"There was thunder heard over Corinth that day, and in a clear sky too," said the orator, "and our augurs held it as portending some evil to the city of the violet crown."

"The last I saw of Phidias," continued Evagoras, "was, looking back, as the mob tore on like a receding tide to Athens, I beheld a kneeling form, dark against the twilight sky; he was on a low earthy rock on the side of the road leading to Elis, and looking back towards the Parthenon, that stood out, its dark pillars barring the evening sky. I think he prayed to Jove, for at that moment there was thunder on his right hand, and the next instant lightning flashed over the Acropolis, and, as I have heard, struck Cratylus the informer dead, as he stood at the entrance of the Temple of Theseus, addressing the excited mob."

"Brave lightning," said Phaselis; "would it always did such good work."

"And now," said Monymus, "the banished man has executed a statue for these games, that, it is said, far surpasses his great work at Athens. Though somewhat unjustly suspicious of the cause that drove him to exile, our rulers of Elis have been kind to the sculptor—they have given him house and food, and above all a sheltered olive grove, with a shed, once a rope-maker's, where he and his workmen can work undisturbed. I have heard he has done his noblest in hope to render trivial his former statue, that he wrought for ungrateful and fickle Athens."

"Not fickle; look at—, be calm and temperate, Spartan."

"Yes! by the gods—fickle as a harlot—uncertain as the Siren—false as the Persian—and relentless as the Cyclops," says Phaselis, leaping up.

"Now, boy! I could strike thee, if—"

"Strike! by the god of Delphi! Strike!"

"In the name of all the gods at once, friends!" says the Corinthian, spreading his hands between the angry pair, "cease this senseless wrangling. You, Phaselis, will have throws enough presently; and as for Evagoras, he can ill spare the only two front teeth he has left."

"Rascal!"

"Nay, I will not fight, so rail on."

"Garlic eater, I defy you—my bitterest iambics shall denounce your infamy over all Greece."

"But no one will read the iambics."

"Faugh! may the Furies flog you—may Cerberus gnaw your lying flesh."

"Dog!"

[Evagoras strides off, beating about his robe, and spitting on the ground.]

"I have half a mind to go and tear out the dog's remaining teeth," says Phaselis.

"Nay, leave him to the critics—they'll mumble him," says Monymus; "he cannot put together an hexameter correctly,—and his poems are only useful to wrap fish in. It is such poor parasites that drive Pericles to war with Sparta; but let him take care, the Doric spear has not yet lost its edge. I'll wager gold that rascal is in the pay of the Persian."

"But we must go, the games have commenced, I know, by those rolling shouts—that tell me the first boxer is struck down. Somebody has got his mouthful of Olympic sand. Pray Jove it be that swollen-faced Erosthenees—he is such a noisy bragger, one would think Hercules had come again."

"We shall see," says Monymus, girding up his loins to depart.

We move now to the Olympic plains, and stop not till we reach the very throne of the judges—who sit, bare as statues, surrounded by champions, flute-players, priest, &c., youths, *aleutai*, and wreath bearers. In front of them, permitted in consequence of illness, reclines Phidias, clad in a black robe, to typify the cloud of sorrow that always envelops the exile, a white hood over his head, to indicate his innocence. The old man is of a majestic presence, his eyes frank, full, piercing, yet calm and radiant. His white beard flows over his dark robe; silent and immovable he sits before the great veiled statue of Jupiter, upon which the judges are about to pronounce their verdict.

"The people of Elis have decreed," says one of the judges, as Phidias rises and stands before him, holding one end of the statue's veil, ready to give the smiling and eager workmen the signal to remove it—"that thou Phidias canst be admitted as a competitor for the crown in the Olympic games now holding."

There is a burst of applause, and Phidias bows his head.

"But, upon the conditions, that the oracle of Delphi, which they have consulted, pronounces thee free from stain. Messenger to Delphi, step forward and read the oracle."

The crowd separates—a lithe youth, pale with fatigue, his feet dusty, and his robe torn, advances with a roll.

"Read!"

"Phidias is pure and stainless. Phidias is beloved by the gods. To-day he will attain the greatest blessing that Jove can bestow on man."

Again the people shout, and Phidias kneels in grateful prayer to Jove.

"I knew it," said Phaselis; "I feel so happy now, I could beat out the brains of ten Athenians, and heavy armed, too."

"It is now the fitting time," says Evagoras, stepping forward, "to acquaint the good people of Elis, that I come from Athens to invite Phidias to return, and to offer him, in compensation for his unjust banishment, house and land, wealth and honour."

"Bear my thanks, good messenger," said

Phidias, "to my countrymen in Athens, but tell them I will never leave my foster-mother Elis."

"True," said an augur, "thou wilt never leave Elis, Phidias."

"Fickle as leaves, those accursed Athenians," whispered Phaselis; "yet still I forgive that shy, scurvy poet, for bringing such a message to our good Phidias, and I will box with him out of pure love."

"Let the statue be unveiled," says the judge.

"They say it has two heads and no ears, like the Cretan statues of Jove," says a tattling barber in the crowd.

"A very poor piece of work, I have heard," says a marble cutter and rival exhibitor.

The crowd lulls to silence. The judge speaks again. "But first let the cestus-contest be decided—the second on the list, between Phaselis the Spartan, and Cratylus of Rhodes."

At these words, Phaselis, who is kissing the hand of Phidias, which rests on the good lad's head, leaps up like a deer, tightens the thongs of his cestuses, and sprinkles his body with dust. And seeing such a stripling advance to meet him, the insolent Rhodian giant runs beating the air with whistling blows, and claims the olive wreath. Then, at the stern rebuke of the judge, he advances with shouting triumph towards the young Spartan, the seven thongs of iron conspicuous on his tremendous fists.

Then with leopard stealth and receding head, watchful eye and warding hand, the Spartan advances on his bull-like antagonist. He steals round his enemy—he resists his bull-like rushes—he prepares for the leap and the blow at an unguarded place. The moment comes, he leaps in; but his foot slipping in the blood of the last combatant, he falls heavily on his breast.

But that fall heated his blood, and gave him supernatural rage—now he runs, leaps, and strikes, like a second Theseus. The Rhodian is smoking at the nostrils, Phaselis drives him here and there, though now and then a blow of the Rhodian sweeps down on his ribs. But the Spartan's blows fall in showers on the unlucky Rhodian's face, which is now the colour of a ripe and rather smashy fig. A bound, a fierce blow across the eyes—one more in the mouth, and the Rhodian falls senseless in a pool of blood and teeth upon the sand. Phaselis has won the crown.

And now—almost before the smiling youth has been congratulated by Phidias, Monymus, Evagoras, and his other friends—the cry comes again to unveil the statue of Jupiter Olympus, Phidias's statue.

The cords are pulled—the veil falls—the statue shines out in the sun, with its fifty cubits of gold and ivory. It is a seated figure of the king of the gods, and it is placed upon a throne of ivory and gold. The god is naked to the waist, to signify that to the deities of Olympus he is visible, but to men below unseen. His robe is adorned with golden lilies and asphodel; the eagle with outspread wings is at his feet; on his august head is a crown of olive, and in his right hand a sceptre of cypress wood. But the face of that colossal image! it is radiant with divinity—a glory floats about those locks that age never thins; there is serene majesty in those eyes, so calm, so royal, so pure and wise, yet so awful. "The god—the very god!" shout ten thousand people, and kneel in adoration.

"The crown is Phidias's," says the judge, in the first lull of silence; "for who can compete with Phidias? O happy people of Elis, ye have at last a Jupiter more divine than even the Minerva of the Acropolis! Rise, Phidias, and receive the crown."

But why sits Phidias still there, silent, with

head bent and features fixed? Does excessive joy hold him in a dumb trance?

"O ye gods! our Phidias is dead!" says Phaselis, as he looks nearer at the cold, fixed face, and the drooping jaw.

The gods had granted to Phidias that day the greatest blessing they can confer on man—DEATH.

On the dead Phidias they placed the triumphant wreath.

THE NEW FOREIGN OFFICE. THE QUESTION OF STYLE.

WHATEVER may be the opinion of the Premier, it is evident that in the instance of the New Foreign Office the "battle of the styles" is very far from having been fought out and decided. Potent indeed is a vote of the House of Commons, and Lord Palmerston is mighty as a minister; and both minister and House of Commons have declared war to the knife against that architecture which bears the name of Gothic. The vote has been gravely recorded against the Gothic, and the premier has smiled over its apparent catastrophe. Alas! poor Gothic! Even Gilbert Scott has yielded to a command to prepare for the New Foreign Office a design that shall be something essentially classic, or at any rate thoroughly Italian; and which shall not in any respect or degree be such a compromise, as might be accomplished on the (architecturally speaking) neutral ground of Lombardy. For ourselves, we incline to regard Lombardy as an integral of Italy, and so we should not refuse to comprehend the Lombard Romanesque within the range of Italian architecture. Lord Palmerston, however, couples Mr. Scott's Gothic and his Romanesque together, and he peremptorily rejects them both. His Foreign Office must be classic in earnest, and neither pseudo-classic nor classic in a condition of fusion. Mr. Scott, therefore, is at work for Lord Palmerston upon what that noble lord may accept as a classic design. Happily, some little interval must intervene between the completion of that design and the commencement of the building itself; for the site has to be cleared, and then to be prepared; and we hear of a year or two, or perhaps even more, that must be devoted to the formation of foundations: thus Mr. Scott will have ample time to add to his series another Gothic design—unless, after all (the Palmerstonian episode having been duly consigned to becoming oblivion), he should eventually have to fall back upon his original conception. So, while the foundations are gradually growing into massive and enduring solidity, Lord Palmerston's Foreign Office may be superseded by an edifice that shall be national in its style and character, and from its architectural nobleness worthy of the English nation.

Meanwhile, a fresh campaign in the "war" (not "battle") "of the styles" has been opened in the pleasantest and most promising manner imaginable. Our notice of the Foreign Office question in the *Art-Journal* for August last has elicited from an able and highly respected correspondent the communication which appeared in our last number—that for September: and now our present reply to "J. S." is a second movement upon a ground that still remains as available as ever for the evolutions and the blows of a sharply-contested conflict. The letter of "J. S." places the "Gothic question" in a position which imperatively demands the complete reconsideration of that question. For the present our architectural contemporaries are silent. "J. S." says that their silence is evidently the result of their "feeling the subject to be one of considerable difficulty." It is only necessary for this subject

to be brought resolutely forward, and our contemporaries will be constrained to face whatever difficulties may attend its discussion, and to speak out. Thus much, at any rate, is certain, that if our architectural contemporaries are silent upon the Gothic question in consequence of the difficulty which they feel in dealing with it, that question is very far from having been decided and disposed of. Were such the case, it would be easy enough to refer to the decision, and to point out the issue. We accept the candid admission that the question still is difficult, and therefore that it remains to be considered, discussed, and decided. But "J. S." does much more than enable us to draw an inference from what he declares to be the cause of the silence of our architectural contemporaries upon the architectural question of the day. He plainly, and in so many words, admits that the Gothic and Classic controversy yet awaits further discussion even *ab limine*. He asks us to "explain the essential element of the Gothic," and to set forth "the principles" of the style. Consequently "J. S." seeks for those antecedent definitions, which precede the actual controversy between the Gothic and any rival style: that is to say, our correspondent confesses he has yet to learn what Gothic Art may be, and he applies to us to provide for him the information which he requires. We presume "J. S." to represent a considerable portion of our readers, since he tells us that what he himself seeks from us in the matter of Gothic Art "is exactly what is wanted;" and he adds, that if the facts we may adduce be fairly stated, if our inductions be legitimate and our reasonings sound, we thus shall "enable our readers to become defenders of Gothic upon something like intelligent grounds." We certainly fear that the Gothic has had and has still to encounter the opposition of opponents, who rest their hostility upon anything rather than upon "intelligent grounds." "J. S." himself is evidently not "a defender of the Gothic;" or, rather, he is without doubt one of the many whose architectural views assimilate to those of the Premier and the Chief Commissioner of Public Works; and yet, from his own writing, it is certain that he is very far from clear in his ideas as to what that Gothic is, which he opposes and rejects. In this respect "J. S.," as we believe, differs but little from every other intelligent individual, whose opposition and hostility to the Gothic are *not* based upon "intelligent grounds." He opposes and is hostile; and he asks to be told what are the "essential elements" of the object of his opposition and hostility. This objection and hostility we accordingly attribute simply to the fact of his requiring information upon these "essential elements." "J. S." does not understand the Gothic: that is quite a sufficient reason for opposition and hostility. Neither Lord Palmerston nor Mr. Cowper understand the Gothic; they have not the remotest conception of its "essential elements," nor are they disposed to trouble themselves about any such thing, as either defence or opposition based "upon intelligent grounds." We remember one of our architectural contemporaries,—the *Building News*,—not very long ago to have expressed a doubt as to the possibility of educating the chief commissioner up to the architectural point of understanding at least something about the facts and realities of Gothic Art; but, whatever the capabilities of that right honourable gentleman, he is not more likely to submit them to the test of a high-pressure study of the Gothic, than is his equally venerable and jocular chief. Here "J. S." stands superior to these "great officers of state." They may be alike in ranging themselves in the ranks of the opponents of the Gothic; but "J. S." does fairly and honourably stand forward and asks

for an explanation of Gothic principles, and he avows himself ready to accept conviction, and to defend, if he can "become a defender of the Gothic upon something like intelligent grounds." Not so the premier, and his official and parliamentary supporters. They are content to substitute prejudice for reasoning; and, while tenacious of their own personal tastes and speculations, they leave a knowledge of facts—architectural facts—to those who may attach any value to them, and may have leisure and inclination to search them out.

We confess that we regret finding such a writer as "J. S." to have formed his opinion upon the Gothic question first, and afterwards to have made inquiries concerning Gothic "essential elements," and "principles," and so forth. We should have preferred to have seen him reversing his process—to have seen him inquiring as a preliminary to deciding. At the same time, we admire the straightforward and frank tone of our correspondent's communication, and we readily undertake (to a certain extent, at any rate) to respond to the appeal that he has made to us. In doing this, we must in the first instance remind both "J. S." and our readers in general, that our correspondent's letter comprehends a wide range of subject, and that consequently any such reply as would be calculated either to prove satisfactory to him or to do justice to ourselves must be both comprehensive and explicit. We cannot write in answer to "J. S." without entering into details; and we cannot enter into details without writing at some considerable length. It will not be possible for us, therefore, to include within the limits of a single article all that we propose to write. We do not consider it necessary to reprint our correspondent's letter in full, but shall content ourselves with generally referring to it, and quoting from it such passages as may appear to be necessary.

A reply to the letter of "J. S." can be nothing else than an essay on Gothic Art. It must also be such an essay as will deal with the Gothic as an Art that has been revived, and is required to be expressed in action in conformity with the circumstances of the present day. He says to us:—1. "Explain the essential element of Gothic—that inherent idea on which modern modifications can be implanted without destroying it." He proceeds—2. "Show us what kind of modifications will express present sentiments, and the principles upon which the connection between the modifications and the sentiments is based, as also what these sentiments are." 3. In the third place, he requires from us a "demonstration" of the superior fitness of the Gothic, when inspired with fresh life and animated with renewed vigour, and at the same time when modified and expressed in conformity with the spirit of our own age,—its "superior fitness and worthiness for the production of every important English building, as well civil as ecclesiastical," and in particular "for the production of a New Foreign Office." And he adds that we are "bound to give the public the benefit of the reasons upon which our own opinions rest, in a question so generally interesting and so amply talked about." The "demonstration" that he seeks from us our correspondent declares to be "exactly what is wanted," and he avows, that in common with our readers in general, he looks to our statement of facts, our reasonings and inductions, with the view to being enabled to "become a defender of the Gothic upon something like intelligent grounds."

Before we enter directly upon the first of the four points which "J. S." thus has proposed for our consideration, it appears to be desirable to dispose of a few other incidental matters to which in his letter our able correspondent

refers. In the opening of his letter, "J.S." most correctly states, that the third paragraph of our own former article on the "New Foreign Office" (*Art-Journal*, for August, p. 237), is devoted to a reproduction of certain "exploded fallacies and often-refuted misrepresentations," which again were coolly adduced in a recent parliamentary debate as facts and arguments of weight against Gothic architecture. We desire now to preface our present remarks with a plain statement of two or three of these said "fallacies and misrepresentations." The premier and his supporters asserted that—1. A Gothic building, as such, must necessarily be darker than a corresponding Classic edifice. 2. That it must be internally inconvenient, and externally sombre and gloomy. 3. That, in comparison with a Classic building of the same architectural character and affording the same amount of accommodation, a Gothic Foreign Office would inevitably require a very considerably larger outlay of the public money. And—4. That the Gothic, if admitted to be a suitable style for ecclesiastical structures, was altogether unfitted for the production of those buildings which were destined for civil or administrative purposes.

The first of these objections is simply contrary to the fact. The Gothic style, as such, is better calculated to admit light than the classic. Its architectural elasticity leaves the architect free to introduce windows in any position, and to extend their dimensions and to modify their light-admitting arrangements absolutely at his pleasure. In recently erected Gothic buildings, designed and built for various secular purposes, the proportion of clear window-light has been found, on actual examination and measurement, to be greater than in other corresponding buildings in other styles: that is, the proportion of clear window-light to external wall-surface, and also to enclosed internal space, has been proved to be considerably in favour of the Gothic.

The question of internal convenience of structural arrangements we hold to be independent of architectural style, except so far as style may determine certain external forms upon which the internal arrangements of necessity are dependent. Otherwise, this is a matter resting entirely with the architect of every building. So long as he is permitted independent freedom of action, the architect alone is responsible for the convenience or inconvenience of his structural arrangements. This is not primarily or essentially a question of style. And, yet this question may be affected by style, since style may in some degree control an architect. And, here again, as in the instance of lighting, the elastic nature of the Gothic turns the scale in its own favour, and leaves the Gothic architect to expatiate at will, while his classic brother is fettered by rules and precedents, and by the established usages of his style. Thus, an able architect will always produce good arrangements; but an able Gothic architect, having greater freedom and more versatile resources, will produce the best possible arrangements. In the subordinate matter of fittings, the case is precisely the same.

The question of comparative cost, of course, is of paramount importance. And this is the point that the partisans of the classic usually assume to be their ground of vantage. They take it for granted that the Gothic must be, and so they assert that it is, the most costly of styles. Probably the Gothic is the most costly style for cottage building, but it is not so for palace building. True, an architecture claiming to be entitled Gothic, may be so treated that it shall be pre-eminent in costliness. On the other hand, however, an architecture equally true as Gothic, may be without a rival in cheapness. But the real question is

not one of extremes or of probabilities. It relates to the comparative costliness of noble Gothic and noble Classic for an important public building. Here we affirm that the most careful of calculations have demonstrated that, if not the less costly, the Gothic is not the more costly style. We believe that, in the instance before us, the conditions being equal, the balance would incline in favour of the Gothic on the question of cost, no less than on those of light and convenience. By way of illustration, we may refer to the recently constructed new rooms and the alterations at the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square. We now express no opinion upon these works in their architectural capacity; but we challenge the entire classic confederacy to gainsay our assertion, that the very same works might have been produced in the Gothic style by a first-rate Gothic architect, for a sum considerably smaller than that which was actually expended upon what has been actually done.

The dictum that the Gothic, as Gothic, is not and cannot be accepted as any other than an ecclesiastical style, is at best the expression of an opinion. We hold an opinion to the contrary effect. We know that in the great architectural times that have long passed away, the same style that produced the cathedral produced the palace. We know that the Gothic has proved itself equally competent to produce the best of secular and the best ecclesiastical structures. We object to any such severance of ecclesiastical buildings from other contemporary structures as must be inseparable from the recognition of a distinct ecclesiastical style, as we object to that form of Christianity which is active on Sundays and lies dormant throughout the rest of the week. We know that the *hotels-de-ville* of the continental cities are as good architecture and as appropriate and as admirable, as their cathedrals; and we believe that cathedral and *hotel-de-ville* mutually enhance each other's architectural impressiveness, through the fact of their identity of style. And besides, we know that Mr. G. G. Scott's Gothic *hotel-de-ville* for Hamburg, is as good and appropriate and admirable, as his Gothic cathedral for that city. And with reference to our own country, when we hear a genuine argument, or have our attention directed to a positive fact, in support of the view that the Gothic is ecclesiastical, and is not secular as a style, we then shall feel called upon to adduce some reasons for holding and maintaining, as we hold and maintain, that the Gothic is the style that is "not only the noblest in itself, but the best adapted for every important English building."

"J.S." inquires whether "this," the question of Gothic or Classic, "is a question of Art or Architecture, or, if mixed, in what proportion each is represented in its proper settlement?"

We have ever regarded Architecture as an Art, indeed, as the greatest of the Arts; and, consequently, we are unable to comprehend our correspondent's inquiry, when he draws a broad line of distinction between Art and Architecture. Does he use the term Architecture to signify mere construction—the building processes and details, by means of which an architectural design is carried into effect? If so, we must remind him that Architecture comprehends both the thought that originates, and the agency which realizes. It is the Art that first creates an edifice in the ethereal realms of mental vision, and then builds up the material fabric into a palpable reality. The question of Gothic or Classic is not a question of "Art or Architecture." In the fullest acceptance of that term, it is a question of the Art of Architecture. It is a question of STYLE IN ARCHITECTURE,—of style, in its "essential elements and principles," in its practical expression also,

and its actual application. We are aware that our pages have generally devoted a limited space only to this noble Art of Architecture; but this has resulted, not at all from our having regarded Architecture as the Art which possessed no claims, or subordinate claims only, upon the *Art-Journal*, and much less from our having supposed any distinction to exist between Art and Architecture. On the contrary, always entertaining for Architecture a high admiration and a profound reverence, always regarding it also (as we now have styled it) the greatest of the Arts, we have hitherto for the most part been content to leave Architecture to those talented contemporaries, who devote themselves almost exclusively to treating of it. We now gladly vindicate our own sentiments with regard to Architecture, and give it a more prominent place in the *Art-Journal*. This is not to be supposed to imply either that we are less disposed than heretofore to entrust Architecture to our architectural contemporaries, or that other Art-subjects have less abundant or less urgent claims upon us than has been their wont. We are not disposed to permit the *Art-Journal* to neglect any of the Arts; and at the present moment we feel it to be our especial duty to devote attention in an unusual degree to the Art of Architecture, which in the present day is attracting so great attention, not only in the profession, but in the public mind also.

The remarks that "J.S." has made upon our statement, that the Gothic is rising in favour, as a style of Architecture, with "business men," we leave, with the rest of the subject, for future consideration. In so doing, we venture to suggest to our correspondent, and to those who think with him, that the best possible preparation for what we may have to say upon the "essential element of Gothic," will be found in chapter vi., page 151, of the second volume of Ruskin's "Stones of Venice." Will "J.S." read what is there written upon "The Nature of Gothic?"

THE BRIDGING AND EMBANKING OF THE THAMES.

IN Rome, the Pontiff Cæsar, on the cope
Of the Sublucian Bridge, invoked the host
Of gods. In later days, the Pontiff Pope,
"Father Bridge-maker," and his monks, could boast
Of lands made one by their pontifical aid;
Of bridges o'er all Europe's rivers laid.
So mighty were such works, and holy deemed
In those old hours; and thus the Rhone and Rhine
Reflect the multitudinous design
Of beauty breathed in stone, which Art had dreamed.
But London! history too long condemns
What thou hast done—and not done—for thy river,
Prolific Page! * Pontifex of the Thames,
Cleanse thou this blot, and crown thy fame for ever!
B.

[NOTE.—Dr. Johnson ridiculed Milton's derivation of the word *pontifex* from *pons* and *facto*, "Bridge-maker," and characterised it as a sarcastic reflection upon the mission of the papacy. But it truly demands no great stretch of imagination to conceive that the annual consecration of the *Pons Sublucius* by the *Pontifex Maximus*, symbolized the fact that the head of the church and state is the keystone of the social arch. It is matter of history, too, that the monastic orders generally, not merely the bridge-building monks specially so called, did devote themselves to the material mission thus indicated, and were a sort of unpaid "Board of Works" for all Europe; and it is but a truism to affirm that the moral as well as physical unification of the nations is promoted by facilities for crossing the rivers which divide them, even as now the railway is levelling the mountains of prejudice as well as of nature.]

* Thomas Page, the eminent engineer.

ROME, AND HER WORKS OF ART.

PART XIV.—THE GALLERIES FARNESE AND DORIA.



THE family of Farnese occupies a prominent position in the annals of the modern states of Italy. Originally feudatories of the territory of Farnese and Montalta in the papal dominions, their power and splendour received a large accession by the advancement in 1534, of Cardinal Alessandro Farnese to the papedom, by the title of Paul III. This pope had an illegitimate son, whom he raised to the dignity of a sovereign prince, by creating him first of all Duke of Castro, and subsequently Duke of Parma and Piacenza. But the duke was a man of the most depraved life and conduct; his vices and oppression led to a conspiracy of his subjects against him, at the head of which was Count Anguissola, who stabbed the tyrant while at dinner in his palace at Piacenza, and threw his body out of the window, when it was mutilated and dragged through the city by the mob: this was in 1547. The descendants of the murdered prince continued to hold possession of the dual territories till 1731, when the last duke, Antonio Farnese, having died without issue, the male line of the family became extinct; but Elizabeth Farnese, who had married Philip V. of Spain, claiming the duchy for her children, it was ultimately given, by the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, to her younger son, Don Filippo. The other provinces and the personal property of the Farnese, including the extensive museum and the noble palaces of Rome, were given to his brother, Don Carlos, King of the Two Sicilies; many of the finest statues and pictures in the museum of Naples, are derived from this inheritance, and the Kings of Naples have to this day nominally retained possession of the two palaces in Rome, known as the Farnese and the Farnesina: it is to the former of these we desire now to introduce the reader; the latter was briefly spoken of in a former paper, when noticing the works of Raffaele, some of whose finest frescoes it contains.

THE PALAZZO FARNESE ranks among the finest palatial edifices in Rome; it stands alone, and is approached by an extensive open square, known as the Piazza Farnese, in the area of which are two magnificent fountains, that seem to flank the entrance. These fountains correspond with each other in form and dimensions; they were discovered in the baths of Caracalla. The edifice was begun by the Cardinal Farnese, afterwards Paul III., who employed as the architect, Antonio da Sangallo; and it was completed by Michel Angelo and his pupil Giacomo della Porta, about the year 1526, under the direction of the pope's nephew, Cardinal Alessandro Farnese. On the opposite bank of the Tiber, is the Palazzo Farnesina, which is connected with the Palazzo Farnese by an arch thrown over the Via Giulia from the gardens of one palace to those of the other; both properties are thus united, though the river runs between them: the Neapolitan ambassador occupies—or we presume we may now say did occupy—the latter building, and the Neapolitan consul the former. The prelates for whom the Farnese was erected had the audacity to plunder the Coliseum of immense blocks of travertine, and to use them as materials for the structure—an act, for which the historian Gibbon says, "every traveller who views the Farnese palace may curse the sacrilege and luxury of these upstart princes." The enormous size of these blocks, and the precision with which they are fitted, cannot fail to attract the attention of all who examine them. The grand entrance is through a noble arched gateway, leading into a vestibule ornamented with twelve columns of Egyptian granite, which opens into the principal quadrangle, whose four façades, of equal length, are formed of a triple range of porticoes one above another—the basement of Doric columns, the second tier of Ionic, and the upper of Corinthian; the upper story is pierced with windows instead of arcades. This upper part of the building, with the fine entablature, is the work of Michel Angelo. The colonnades, in the time of Pius III., were the receptacle of a costly collection of antique works, among which, the most valuable, perhaps, were the celebrated statue of Glycon, now known as the Farnese Hercules, one of Flora, distinguished by the elegance of its drapery, and the famous group of Dirce, which now bears the title of the Farnese Bull—*Toro Farnese*—a wild bull forming the principal object in the

group. The Hercules and the Dirce were found in the baths of Caracalla; the latter, with the Flora, is in the museum of Naples. The only work of ancient Art now in this spacious enclosure, is the sarcophagus of Cecilia Metella, wife of Crassus, which, says Sir George Head, "has been suffered, by a degree of apathy and neglect that seems unaccountable, to remain here no less a period than three hundred years in a state of utter abandonment. Notwithstanding that her mausoleum is one of the most magnificent monuments of the republic in existence, the receptacle which actually contained the remains of this noble Roman lady, placed on the western side of the cortile, close to the north-west angle, in a position with one end protruding from under the portico, entirely exposed to the weather, is subjected to all manner of unseemly desecration. . . . So that one is compelled to view with averted eyes, an object whose beauty alone, to say nothing of the classical reminiscences attached to the relique, and the desecration of the rites of sepulture, might, if not entitle it to a place in a museum, render it at all events worthy of close examination."

The apartments exhibited to the public are three in number, all on the first story. The first of these, called especially "The Gallery," is oblong in form, and very lofty; it contains the celebrated frescoes painted by Annibal Carracci and his pupils, partially assisted by his brother Agostino: these subjects are known to many who have not seen the originals, by the engravings of Pietro Aquila and Belli. It would startle the patrons of modern Art, and artists themselves still more, to hear that for these works, which are numerous, and occupied eight years to complete, the sum of five hundred gold crowns, equal to about one hundred and twenty pounds of our money, was paid. The principal painting is in the centre of the ceiling; it represents the 'Triumph of Bacchus and Ariadne,' the former seated in a car drawn by panthers, the latter in one drawn by goats: the hero and heroine are preceded by Silenus, mounted on an ass, and are attended by a joyous and noisy troop of fauns, bacchantes, and satyrs: numerous cupids carry attributes of the vintage. Two octagonal shaped pictures are associated with this work, and are set in painted borders of rich ornament, heightened with gold; one of these, 'MERCURY GIVING THE



MERCURY GIVING THE GOLDEN APPLE TO PARIS.

GOLDEN APPLE TO PARIS,' is among the finest frescoes in the apartment; it is engraved on this page. The figure of the winged messenger of the gods is skilfully drawn, and very cleverly foreshortened, though the left arm is stiff and inelegant. The dog is introduced, less, perhaps, as an appropriate adjunct to the shepherd Paris, than as an object to give a pictorial balance to the composition. The other octagonal painting is 'Pan offering the Goat-skin to Diana.' In compartments at equal distances from the central fresco, are two others, representing respectively 'Apollo carrying off Hyacinthus,' and 'Jupiter, in the form of an Eagle, flying away with Ganymede.'

Of the frescoes on the walls, of which there are several, we can only find room to point out the most remarkable. The first claiming attention is that of 'Galatea,' said by Bellori to have been painted by Agostino Carracci. The nymph is borne over the waters by a Triton; they are accompanied by other marine monsters, by nereids, and by cupids, some on the backs of dolphins, others flying in the air: the composition appears to divide itself into three groups, but they are so skilfully arranged, so symmetrically disposed, and so well balanced, that they form a most graceful union. All the figures are finely drawn, and bear evidence that the artist had been a diligent student in the school of anatomy, if not in that of morality, for there is in the treatment a sentiment of voluptuousness, which, if not absolutely indelicate, approaches very closely to that character.

Opposite the 'Galates,' on the other side of the apartment, is 'Ce- phalus being carried off by Aurora in a Car,' a composition, which in elegance of design, as well as in its amorous sentiment, may be adequately compared with the other. Four smaller compositions, square in form, accompany, in pairs respectively, the two large paintings just spoken of; the subjects of these are 'Jupiter and Juno,' 'Diana and Endymion,' 'Anchises and Venus,' 'Hercules and Iole.' The pictures which decorate the two extremities of the ceiling, illustrate passages in the story of Polyphemus; in one, Polyphemus is playing on the pipes of Pan; in the other he is pursuing Acis, who has carried off Galatea. At each end of the gallery is also a large fresco; one representing Phineus and his companions petrified by the head of Medusa; the other the 'Deliverance of Andromeda.' Eight small frescoes and eight medallions complete the decorations of this magnificent apartment; they are said to be the work of Carracci's pupils, Domenichino and Lanfranco. Over the entrance door a singular fresco will attract the attention of the visitor;

it is an heraldic device of the house of Farnese, painted by Domenichino; the subject, a young girl caressing a unicorn.

In one of the rooms to which the public is admitted there are no pictures; the great object of attraction is a noble mantel-piece of enormous dimensions, composed of various kinds of marble. It "consists of a broad entablature, surmounted by a curved pediment, and supported by a pair of Atlantes, whose lower body terminates in a square pedestal. At the sides are a pair of colossal marble statues of 'Abundance' and 'Charity,' represented by female figures, which, sculptured by Della Porta for the tomb of Paul III., in St. Peter's, not being approved of by the superintending genius, Michel Angelo, were consigned to their present position, where they have remained ever since." The walls of the third room are painted in fresco, the artists employed being Daniel da Volterra, Salviati, Zucchari, and Vasari. The principal subjects represent 'The Treaty of Peace between Charles V. and Francis I.,' 'The

Dispute of Luther and the Papal Nuncio, Cardinal Cajetani,' and 'The Expedition of Paul III. against the Lutherans.'

In an apartment not usually shown to visitors, are several fine frescoes by Annibal Carracci, the subjects of which are taken from the histories of Hercules and Ulysses. The roof is ornamented with a painting in oil by the same master; it represents 'Hercules between Virtue and Vice,' a copy of Carracci's picture which was removed from Rome to Naples.

The PALAZZO DORIA, or, as it is generally called, DORIA-PAMPHILI, stands in the Corso. It belongs to the family of which Prince Doria is the head, and which is a branch of the ancient and noble Genoese family of the same name; one of whom, the celebrated Andrea Doria, became so distinguished in the annals of the republic of Genoa by his naval victories over the Turks and other enemies. Andrea was styled the "Father and Liberator of his Country," and certainly he was one of the greatest characters Italy produced during the



THE HOLY FAMILY.

middle ages. He was born at Oneglia, near Genoa, in 1466; and having lost his parents at an early age, he entered the military service of his country, distinguishing himself so greatly under various commanders throughout the wars then raging in Italy, that when he offered his sword on behalf of Francis I., this monarch gave him the command of his fleet in the Mediterranean: it was no uncommon thing in those days for the same officer to perform both military and naval duties; there were many who, with equal skill and success, led their troops in a charge on the battle-field, and their ships in breaking the line of the enemy's vessels. The republic of Genoa had been for a long time disturbed by factions, which had brought it under the protection of the Dukes of Milan. The French, having conquered the duchy of Milan, took possession of Genoa, and placed a garrison in it, the citizens submitting quietly, as a promise had been made them that their rights and privileges should be respected. Con-

querors, however, do not always consider themselves pledged to keep faith with the vanquished, and the Genoese soon began to be painfully sensible of the presence of their masters. Doria remonstrated with the French governor on the oppressions to which his countrymen were subjected, and Francis, apprehensive that, from Andrea's popularity, he might successfully head an insurrection, sent secret orders for his arrest, just after his nephew, Filippino Doria, had gained an important victory for the French over the imperial fleet near the coast of Naples, in 1528: the armies of the former were then besieging the city of Naples. Barbezienx, a French naval officer, was detached with twelve galleys to Genoa to secure Doria, but the latter had gained information of the design, and retiring into the Gulf of La Spezia, sent for his nephew to join him with the ships he had fitted out at his own expense, and proffered his services to the Emperor Charles V., who most gladly accepted

them; Doria stipulated, at the same time, that as soon as Genoa was freed from the French, it should be restored to independence under the imperial protection. He also engaged to place at the service of the emperor a certain number of ships, armed and manned at his own charge, for which Charles agreed to pay him a considerable sum annually. The Genoese admiral soon appeared before his native city with a small squadron of vessels, and being aided by the inhabitants, anxious to rid themselves of their oppressors, drove the French out and took possession. It is said that Charles offered him the sovereignty of Genoa, but Doria was a true patriot, and refused the crown. After remodelling and placing on a more liberal foundation the constitution of the republic, he resumed his naval duties as admiral of Charles, and distinguished himself against the Turks and the pirates of Barbary. He accompanied Charles in his expedition to Tunis, in 1535, and contributed in no small degree to the capture of the place. Three years afterwards his ships were off Corfu in conjunction with the Venetian fleet, opposing the Turks under the command of the famous Barbarossa; blame was attached to Doria on this occasion because he did not attack the enemy, when it appeared he might have done so with every chance of success: it was surmised that secret instructions from Charles withheld him from acting. In 1541 the emperor, contrary to the advice of his admiral, undertook an expedition against Algiers: it failed, as was foreseen, and Doria was only able to save the monarch and the remnants of the army. He now returned to Genoa, and retired from active service, living in splendour among his fellow-citizens, and having great influence

with them. Charles had created him Prince of Melfi and Tarai, in the kingdom of Naples. In 1552, though at the age of eighty-five, we find him once more at sea, fighting against his old enemies the Turks, who were ravaging the Neapolitan coasts. He died in 1560, at the advanced age of ninety-four, retaining his richly-earned dignities and his influence in the councils of the Genoese till the last. His countrymen lamented his death as a public calamity, and paid the highest honours to his memory. A fine portrait of him, by Sebastian del Piombo, is in the gallery of which we are about to write. Another member of this noble family is alluded to by Byron in "Child Harold":—

"Before St. Mark still glow his steeds of brass,
Their gilded collars glittering in the sun;
But is not Doria's menace come to pass?
Are they not bridled?"

The reference is to Peter Doria, who commanded the forces of the Genoese against the Venetians, and defeated them. When the council of Venice sued for peace, Doria replied,—"Ye shall have no peace until we have first put a rein upon those unbridled horses of yours that are upon the porch of your evangelist, St. Mark. Wild as they may be, we will soon make them stand still."

The palace came into the possession of the Doria family by intermarriage with the Roman family of Pamphili, one of whom ascended the papal throne under the title of Innocent X., whose intrigues with his sister-in-law, the



THE MILL.

notorious and dissolute Olimpia Maidalchini Pamphili, are matters of history. A far different character was the late Princess Maria Doria, a daughter of our own noble house of Talbot—an alliance which renders the palace peculiarly interesting to the English visitor. The edifice, like most of the Roman buildings of a similar description, was erected at various times and by different architects. The first portion—that facing the Corso—was built by D. Camillo Pamphili, from the designs of Valvasori. The architecture is somewhat irregular, but the general effect is imposing: three entrances, each comprehending a spacious arch, lead into the inner quadrangle. The side which faces the Collegio Romana is of rather earlier date; the names of the architects Pietro da Cortona and Bonomini have been mentioned in connection with this portion. The part which fronts the Piazza di Venezia, being shut out by other buildings, is but little seen; it was erected from the designs of Paolo Amali, under the superintendence of the last Prince Pamphili. The interior of the palace recalls to the visitor the best periods of Art, while the exterior of the quadrangle, round which a fine colonnade runs, will remind him of the Loggie of the Vatican. It is on the first story, in a suite of richly-furnished and well-lighted apartments, that he finds the large collection of pictures, more than eight hundred in number—some of a high class, but the majority of inferior order. Except the chapel, with its elegant oratory, the whole of the palace,—including the throne-room, which in magnificence equals the most sumptuous saloons of Versailles, and the ball-room, light and elegant in its appearance,—seems dedicated to the

exhibition of pictures and other works of Art possessed by this princely and wealthy family. Each one of the apartments would well repay examination; but those demanding most attention are the four galleries communicating with each other, and corresponding with the four sides of the quadrangle. The ceilings of these saloons are beautifully painted in fresco, with arabesque ornaments and figures. In a large room, somewhat lower in elevation than the preceding, is a series of grand landscapes, painted in distemper, by Gaspar Poussin, and a few oil pictures by the same master. This room is not usually shown to visitors. But we must proceed to point out some of the works in the Doria Gallery which bear the highest reputation, but without following implicitly the order in which they are hung.

In the third room is a fine representation of 'The Assumption,' by Annibal Carracci; the picture is arched at the top, is grand in design, and warm in colour. Another work by this master hangs in the same apartment; it is a 'Pietà,' perhaps even more powerful and expressive than the preceding. At no great distance from this is a glorious landscape, called 'THE MILL,' by Claude; it is engraved on this page. The name is derived from a small over-shot mill, which appears almost in the centre of the composition; the scene is purely pastoral, and the numerous figures put into the foreground would entitle the composition to be termed a *fête champêtre*. It is undoubtedly one of the finest of Claude's works, and, as such, deserves all the encomiums bestowed upon it by Art-critics. The forms of the trees are less conventional than is

usual with this painter, and the figures more animated; the colour is highly luminous, and the distance soft and most skilfully graduated. During the lifetime of Claude this well-known example of his pencil was considered one of his *chef-d'œuvres*.

In a small cabinet to the left of this apartment are several portraits of the Doria-Pamphili family, and a marble bust of the English lady—the Princess Maria Doria. Two of the former demand especial notice: that of the great Genoese admiral, Andrea Doria, by Sebastian del Piombo, already referred to, a noble head and face—resolute, dignified, and ingenuous; the other, a portrait, superbly painted, by Velasquez, of Innocent X. Looking at this picture, one cannot but regret to see such glorious Art-work bestowed on a countenance so repugnant to the feelings; it may be called villanous, if craft, sensuality, and coarseness of features can justify the application of the word. But the Roman people were not wrong in regarding it as a wonderful portrait; it was carried in triumphal procession through the streets of the city, recalling the homage paid in earlier times to Raffaele's portrait of Leo X.; Titian's, of Paul III.; and, at a yet earlier date, to Cimabue's celebrated 'Madonna' in the streets of Florence. Great artists in those days were looked upon as men of renown, and sometimes received ovations from the people, scarcely less enthusiastic than those offered to the victor returning from the battle-field: the honour accorded to them now is little enough—the world is "too poor to do them reverence."

Another room, near the grand gallery, contains several good pictures of the

Italian school; among these the most remarkable are a 'Galatea,' by P. del Vaga, which, in some respects, may be compared with Raffaele's painting of the same subject, though less vigorous and animated; a 'Descent from the Cross,' by Padovino, or, as he is sometimes called, Varotari—a composition of considerable power; 'The Visitation of St. Elizabeth'—a good specimen of the refined character of Garofolo's pencil; and a 'HOLY FAMILY,' by Giovanni Battista Salvi, generally called Sassoferrato; an engraving of it appears on a preceding page. This painter, who was a pupil of Domenichino, and who died towards the close of the seventeenth century, was celebrated for his single figure of the Madonna, with whom he sometimes associated the infant Christ; it was very rarely he introduced a third figure, as in this composition. The grouping of the trio is good, and the attitude of the sleeping child true to nature, but the prevailing sentiment or expression given to the two principals is that of mendicancy; they seem as if they were soliciting charity by the wayside; if the painter had intended to convey such an idea, he could scarcely have succeeded better. There are in this apartment two pictures, by Andrea del Sarto, of the Holy Family, which were at one time exceedingly good; but they are spoiled, or nearly so, by being retouched.

The northern schools are represented in the Doria Gallery by a few examples only; one or two have been already noticed, but there are others which must not be passed over. The most remarkable, perhaps, is 'The Deposition from the Cross,' by the early painter, Hemling, or Memling, as some writers call him, whom recent researches into Art-histories have discovered to be identical



THE REPOSE IN EGYPT.

with Hemmelinck. This picture was purchased at Venice by Prince Doria Pamphili, for the sum of two thousand francs. There are five figures in the composition, all of which manifest a deep religious sentiment, such as is seen in the works of Van Eyck, and the early painters of the German school; the Virgin is supporting the dead body of Christ at the base of the Cross. It is an excellent specimen of the master, and of the style of Art of the period and country to which Hemmelinck belongs. A curious picture of that strange painter, Breughel, will attract attention; the subject is 'The Creation of the Animals.' A repetition of Quentin Matsys' 'Two Misers' is also here, and a good landscape by Paul Brill, with figures by Bassano. Two portraits by Holbein hang in what is called "the second room;" one of himself at the age of forty, the other of his wife at the age of thirty-six, as the dates on each state. They were painted in 1545. 'A Village Fête,' by Teniers, will repay examination.

The Franco-Italian painter, Claude, shines conspicuously among the landscape artists whose works are in the Doria Palace. Among several pictures which adorn the walls, the two most celebrated are 'The Mill' and 'THE REPOSE IN EGYPT.' The former has already been referred to; the latter is engraved in this page. As in nearly all the works of this painter, the figures—painted, it is said, by Filippo Lauri—occupy but an insignificant portion of this picture, and seem to have been introduced only for the purpose of giving vitality to the landscape; and, certainly, they add greatly to its interest. But the anachronism of placing the Israelitish fugitives in the midst of Italian scenery, and then calling the work 'The Repose in Egypt,' is too obvious to be over-

looked. Apart, however, from the inconsistency of locality, the composition is one of tranquil beauty, the colour warm and bright, and the forms of the trees—like those in 'The Mill'—easy and natural. Another landscape by Claude, entitled 'The Temple of Apollo,' is scarcely less beautiful than those referred to.

'Virtue crowned by Glory,' a large unfinished sketch by Correggio, is curious as showing the manner in which that great master was accustomed to proceed in works of this kind. The canvas is scarcely half covered; one of the heads is only in the original chalk outline; two others are considerably advanced. Of portraits not hitherto spoken of, several by Titian deserve notice, as well as one or two pictures of sacred subjects by him. Of the latter, 'Abraham sacrificing Isaac' is the work possessing the highest merit. Two half-length portraits, in one frame, are ascribed to Raffaele with more justice than the names of the individuals whom they are said to represent—the famous juriconsults, Baldo and Bartolo, who lived more than a century before the time of Raffaele.

We have not exhausted by a long way these Roman private galleries, and shall find something more to say of them on future occasions, for they are replete with matters alike interesting to the lover of Art, the antiquarian, and the historian; the annals of Italy, during the middle ages, seem often to open up before us as we walk through the rooms where hang the portraits and the works of those long dead.

JAMES DAFFORNE.

THE
ORIGIN AND NOMENCLATURE
OF PLAYING CARDS.

BY DR. WILLIAM BELL.

CHAP. III.

"Den Zigeunerinnen hat man es grüstenhells zu verdanken dass dieser Aberglaube auf Wahrsagerel noch immer in den Köpfen mehrerer Millionen gemeiner Menschen herrschend ist."

"We have mostly to thank the female gipsies that the superstition of fortune-telling still runs in the heads of many millions of the common people."

Grellman's *Histor. Versuch*, 1787, p. 96.

HAVING in our first chapter connected playing cards with cheating and trickery, and in chap. ii. with Bohemia, it may now, in the progress of our inquiry, be time to consider their connection with that enigmatical race of people which we call gipsies, but whose more diffused appellation is that of *des Bohémiens*, in German *Zigeuner*, corrupted in Italian and Spanish, &c., into *Zincali*, or *Zingari*.

We gave at the conclusion of the first chapter the French question—

"Sorciérs, bateleurs, et filous,
Gais Bohémiens, d'où venez vous?"

where, coupling this people with cheaters and fortune-tellers, but more pointedly as regards the thimble-rigger from Court de Gebelin's pack, with *les bateleurs*, we do not coincide with the answer there given:—

"D'où nous venons?
L'où n'en salt rien,
L'Hirondelle
D'où nous vient elle?"

It will, however, be necessary first to pass in a succinct review the various and often conflicting opinions as to the origin and native country of this curious race, before we come to what we consider, upon differing grounds, a satisfactory answer to the question.

Their original settlements, as seems generally admitted, have been in the East; but special and varying claims are put in for China, the peninsula of Hindostan, for Egypt, and for Arabia; and each is severally pointed out as the land from which they issued to overrun thence all Europe and the intervening countries.

This is the so universally received opinion that Count Cicognara, possibly the latest foreign authority on the subject, in his "Memorie spettante alla Storia della Calcografia," Prato, 1831, in his *parte seconda, delle Carte da Giuoco*, p. 111, after a very full consideration of all the authors who have written upon the subject of cards and their origin, containing many references unknown to English writers, proceeds, p. 119:—"Non a caso abbiamo futto questo cenno intorno alla cultura e ai passatempi degli Arabi poiche risalendo all'interpretazione della parole *naibi* non cui gli Spagnoli denominarono anticamente le carte da giuoco tutti gli scrittori d'accordo convennero, che l'etimologia di questo vocabolo viene dalla voce orientale adottata in Europa all'epoca dell'invasione degli Arabi nelle Spagna." And, p. 120, citing Pulci's († 1487) "Morgante," 67th stanza dell'1mo libro—

"Gridava il gigante
Tu sei que *Re de Naibi*, o di scacchi
Col mio battaglia convien eh'io t'ammachi."

To show, however, the great interest exhibited on the question, we will adduce the following passage from the extreme opposite portion of Europe, from the Russian Virgil, Puskin, and we regret not being able to offer the original, for which there are so few Saxon readers that we must substitute the version, though spirited, by Dupont:—

"Savez vous d'où sortit cette race nomade,
Nation dont partout erie quelque peuplade?
Demandez leur d'où vient leur race de païens;
S'ils sortirent des murs de Thèbes la divine,
De l'Inde, ce vieux trône, ou tout près sa racine,
Ou bien, s'il faut chercher leur source qu'on perdit
Parmi les Juifs de Tyr, comme eux, peuple maudit—
Ils l'ignorent—pour eux les temps sont un mystère,
Comme l'oiseau des airs, ils passent sur la terre;
Qu'ont ils besoin de plus, et que leur fait au fond,
Qu'ils viennent de l'aurore ou du couchant?"

When, however, it is necessary to point out a special country of the East as the gipsy cradle, the opinions are very contradictory.

The Chinese assertion of their right has been

already given from Breitkopf and Chatto, with many intervening authorities, based upon the great predilection of that people for gaming, and the alleged antiquity of their suits of cards, as shown in chap. i. But these seem so entirely different from our modern playing cards, our present sole inquiry, that we may pass them over.

The demands of Hindostan base themselves upon the remarkable affinity of the gipsy or Romani language with that of the Sanscrit. This similarity has been frequently asserted and proved by an extended comparison of the two languages. In fact, the works written upon the subject are so numerous that we only mention some of the principal, or the most accessible in England. Marsden, in the "Archæologia," vol. vii. pp. 382—86, in a letter to Sir Joseph Banks, supposed himself the first discoverer, though Grellmann, in 1783—two years earlier—had published his "Historischer Versuch über die Zigeuner," in which, from pp. 286 to 312, we have a comparative vocabulary of nearly a thousand words in the gipsy and Hindostanee languages, with German explanations. He adds, p. 313:—"The comparison thus far will, I believe, convince every one of the truth of my assertion that the language of the gipsies is Hindostanee. Let any one again look through the list, and he will find that on the average more than every third word of the gipsy language is pure Hindostanee; or, speaking more correctly, that among thirty words of this latter, twelve or thirteen are Hindostanee."

But by far the most important and most searching investigation into the subject was made by Dr. A. Pott, of Halle, in his work, "Die Zigeuner in Europa und Asien" (3 vols. 8vo., Halle, 1844). Part I. contains the introduction and the grammar; the second a dictionary. His results are prejudged at p. 58 of the introduction:—"We believe we can now, at the commencement, assure our readers that the Romany type of language is an Indian, which, by a close affinity, not so much to Sanscrit as to other less cultivated forms of Indian dialects, must therefore be looked upon as having proceeded from India."

In 1848 the Provincial Society of Utrecht for Art and Science instituted a prize for an "historical investigation of the so-called heathens (*heidens*), or Egyptians, in the Netherlands," which was competed for by Mr. J. Dirks, to whom was awarded the silver prize. The essay was published in the Transactions of the Society at Utrecht in 1840, pp. 160. This investigation is drawn up with extreme care, and with the notices of nearly every authority, which are neatly classified under different heads in two parts. The first, under sixteen subdivisions of these heathen in general:—I. Of the Bibliography. II. Of their First Arrival in Europe (for which he brings authorities for Hessen in 1414, and for the margravedom of Meissen for 1416, which is his earliest period). III. Their Nomenclature. IV. Their Stature and Appearance. V. Their Mode of Life. VI. Their Dress. VII. Their Household Matters. VIII. Their Manner of Trading. IX. Their Marriages. X. Sickness, Death, and Burying Customs. XI. Their Government. XII. Their Religious Views. XIII. Their Character. XIV. Their Origin. XV. Their Numbers. XVI. Transactions with other Countries besides Holland. The second part is specially occupied with the gipsies in the different provinces; this has not the general interest which the former maintains, and need not therefore be particularised. There is a third division, being a *résumé* of the facts and results of the previous chapters.

Their chief had the title of *graf* (as at Hamburg) in Arnheim, but in Utrecht they advanced him to that of duke. But the state soon began to tire of these strangers, and from 1604 the ordinances against them are frequent and severe. As we, however, are only interested in them as far as regards their connection with cards, we must leave this author with the testimony that whenever a popular contribution to the knowledge of man is given—and which an investigation of this nomadic race of gipsies would greatly advance—Herr Dirks's essay would form a valuable basis and useful supplement to Dr. Pott's work, whom he mostly follows in his dates.

The Egyptian dreams of Court de Gebelin have been discussed in the first chapter, and Egypt would scarcely have appeared on the competitive list, had not a very pious and zealous clergyman of our

own country, the Rev. Samuel Roberts, lately reasserted the same opinion, though not on the same data. His principal authority is the Bible, *e. g.* Ezekiel, chs. xix. and xxi., denouncing the curse of Jehovah against Pharaoh for his treachery to Israel, the desolation of Egypt, and the restoration thereof after forty years, &c.; and he must therefore necessarily contest the opinions of Mr. J. Heyland, of Sheffield, and a fellow-townsmen, that the gipsies are the Indian low caste of the Soudras, driven out of the peninsula by the arms of Timour Beg in 1408. The reverend author looks upon the continued dispersion of these Egyptians as more miraculous even than that of the Jews. He gives full evidence of their general moral character; but the originality, at least, of his opinions may be found in the assertion at p. 202, that the gipsy leaders are lineal descendants of King Pharaoh, and that they are the aborigines of England. It is, however, strange that an Egyptian origin should still be popularly believed in Spain—as Borrow's "Zircali" informs us—and even as remote as Eastern Prussia (Heister, p. 147). The name we give them as gipsies might be some excuse for our own popular opinion to the same effect, which we also learn from Borrow's competent authority.

Fortunate for us it is, and for the object of our present inquiry, that we have not to decide upon these and other conflicting opinions. Our search is limited to modern playing cards, the date of their introduction, the source of the present suits, and the names and numbers of their court-cards, with the undoubted traces which the old tarots have left on the games played now, both at home and on the Continent.

In a very trivial work of French railway-literature, by Paul Boiteau Amblay, entitled "Cartes à Jouer," &c., amongst much that is superficial we meet (p. 2) at least one sensible remark,—speaking of the country whence the gipsies came, he says, "On ne sait pas très nettement d'où ils viennent: et c'est facheux; si on le savait, on saurait, de même coup, d'où nous sont venues les cartes." ("We do not exactly know whence they came; and this is awkward, for if we knew whence they came, we should also know the parentage of cards.")

Chatto (p. 10) says, "That cheating is nearly coeval with gaming cannot admit of a doubt; and it is highly probable that this mode of giving an eccentric motion to Fortune's wheel was discovered, if not actually practised at the first regular bout under the oaks of Dodona, or elsewhere, before the flood of Thessaly." An opinion that is confirmed by a note in Dr. Thomas Hyde's "De Indis Orientalibus," who says "he is inclined to think the name of Astragali was known from the time of the general deluge."

If, with such small appliances as dice or sheep's astragali, gaming was practised and profitable, we may be sure that it would not be neglected with the superior opportunities which cards would afford. But the meaning of the more offensive term cheating, and its very different origin, is so curious that its derivation, on the authority of Archdeacon Nares, in his "Glossary," s. v., may be permitted.

"Cheater is said in many modern notes to have been synonymous with *gamester*, but it meant always one who played with false dice; though the name is said to have been originally assumed by those gentry themselves:—

"He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater he."

The hostess immediately contrasts the expression with *honest man*—

"Cheater call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater."
Henry IV., Act II. Scene 4.

In several old books it is said that the term was borrowed from the lawyer's casual profits to a lord of the manor being called *escheats*, or *cheats*, and the officer who exacted them *escheater*, or *cheater*. An officer of the exchequer employed to exact such forfeitures, and therefore held in no good repute, was apparently so called, at least by the common people.

"I will be cheater to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me."—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I. Scene 3.

It is somewhat unfortunate for the legal profession that this popular opinion of unfairness should still hang to them and their practice in the very unam-

biguous meaning attached now to the word *conveyancing*; though, as ancient Pistol cloaks his fleching propensities under such a decent cover, it must have been common in the times of the immortal Shakspeare:—

"Convey the wise call it. Steal! foh, a fco for the phrase!"—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I. Scene 3.

The great question, however, of the paternity of cards will be best arrived at by ascertaining the dates at which we first find them noted; for, as their use is so seductive, it is not probable that they would be passed over without some mention as soon as invented; and thus, finding the earliest date, we may have some ground to fix there the invention. Confessedly, little has been hitherto done in this respect. "Mr. Leber," Chatto says, "contemplates answers to three grand questions:—Where do cards come from? what are they? what do they say? and what ought we to think of them? But the parties he has questioned all stand mute. In short, Mr. Leber, notwithstanding his diligence as a collector of cards, and his chiffonier-like gathering of scraps concerning them, has left their history pretty nearly the same as he found them. In the spirit of a genuine collector, he still longs for more cards; but then, how to find them? Such precious relics are not to be found by mere labour; they turn up fortuitously, mostly in the covers of old books, and as none that have hitherto (1848) been discovered explain their origin and presumed emblematic meaning, it is a chance that the materials for a full and complete history of playing cards will ever be obtained."

As Mr. Chatto is our latest indigenous investigator, it was under the disadvantage of this almost preclusive dictum that we have undertaken the task to give a consistent and satisfactory solution to what he deems beyond inquiry. We have been certainly assisted by the chance he contemplates of fresh discoveries of old cards, some of which are shown in chapter ii., and others will appear subsequently, greatly confirmatory. These we mean to substantiate by fresh verbal proof and unattempted combinations; but *imprimis* of the dates discovered when gipsies are first mentioned. We will trace them chronologically upwards.

In chap. i. p. 249, we have already excluded the date 1240 from our English card-annals from any reference to cards, believing the synodal prohibition there against "*ludos de Rege et Regina*" to refer only to the kings and queens of Twelfth Night; as, otherwise, this would be the earliest mention of playing cards in any part of Europe. Equally, too, we shall have to reject their mention of Italy, 1299, which both Singer and Cicognara adduce from a MS. by Pipozzo di Landro, in "*Trattato de Governo della Famiglia*," first discovered by Tiraboschi. The general opinion is that the date is a century wrong, and should be 1399; for the silence of Petrarch, who would, in his numerous writings and poems, have had some allusion to them, seems to preclude any knowledge of them in Italy so early; and our Chaucer would certainly have mentioned them when, towards the end of the fourteenth century, he was sent ambassador to various republics and courts of Italy, and where he gained such a perfect knowledge of the Italian poets and the country as he himself adduces, since he quotes Dante, the most difficult of them all, in "*The Wife of Bath's Tale*:"—

"Well can the wyse poet of Florence,
That hatte Daunt, spoke of this sentence."

In the cook's prologue to the tale of "*Gamelyn*" we have the following lines:

"Now telle on, Roger, and look if it be good,
For many a paxty hastow lete blond,
And unny a Jakk of Dover hastow sold
That hath be twyes hoot and twyes cold."

This has been thought by some to have an allusion to cards, which possibly the names of Roger and Jack, as particular and generic for the knaves of our packs, may have given rise to. I must confess that my opinion is, that the poet here but refers to some forgotten dainty, well suited to the calling of the kitchen narrator.

The earliest *undoubted* mention of cards for England is only of the date of 1463, in the reign of Edward IV., when by an act of parliament passed in that year the importation of playing cards was expressly prohibited. This act, according to Ander-

son ("*Hist. of Commerce*," vol. i. p. 483), was passed in consequence of the manufacturers and tradesmen of London, and other parts of England, having made heavy complaints against foreign manufactured wares, which greatly obstructed their own employment.

In the reign of Elizabeth, according to the "*Naval History of Great Britain*," &c., London, 1779, the making and sale of cards became a crown monopoly.

A similar prohibition to that of the English parliament in 1463 had been given by the Venetian senate; so that, as far as earliest invention is concerned, the probability is that neither England nor Venice could claim it: for both, however, these enactments bear evidence that the seductions of games of cards had then taken deep root. For England, we have additional evidence of the fact, in the letter which Margery Paston wrote to her husband, John Paston, Friday, 24th December, 1484:—

"Right worshipful husband, I recommend me unto you. Please it you to weet (*know*) that I sent your eldest son John to Lady Morley, to have knowledge of what sports were used in her house in the Christmas next following after the decease of my lord her husband; and she said that there were none disguisings, nor harpings, nor luting, nor singing, nor none loud disports, but playing at the tables, and chess, and cards: such disports she gave her folks leave to play, and none other. Your son did his errand right well, as ye shall hear after this. I sent your younger son to the Lady Stapleton, and she said according to my Lady Morley's saying in that, and as she had seen used in places of worship (*respectable houses*) therat she had been."

1392 is the usual date given for the discovery by all French writers since Menestrier, in his "*Bibliothèque Curieuse*," tom. ii. p. 174, first published it from an account of the payment of fifty-six sous to Jacquemin Gringonneur, a painter, for three packs (*jeux*) of cards for the amusement of Charles VI., during his unfortunate malady. In the hundred prints of cards published by the Société des Bibliophiles Français, 1844, under the title of "*Jeux de Cartes Tarots et de Cartes Numérales*" (large fol.), we have plates 2—18, copies of seventeen of such a pack from the originals in the Cabinet des Estampes, at Paris, which the editors say, "On présume généralement que ces cartes précieuses font partie de l'un des trois jeux peints en 1390-92-93, pour l'ebattement de notre infortuné roi Charles VI., par Jacquemin Gringonneur."

But, independently that these cards are *tarots*, which we have no present dealings with, they give us no first date of introduction. Jansen, in "*Hist. de la Gravure*," tom. i. p. 99, mentions the use of cards as early as 1361; and the same author carries the knowledge of cards even twenty years earlier. He says, "Graces à M. Van Praet, nous pouvons du moins faire remonter l'usage des cartes à jouer en France jusqu'en 1341. Voici ce qu'on trouve au folio 95 d'un MS. de M. Lancelot, intitulé '*Renart le Contrefait*,' qu'il a bien voulu nous indiquer—

"Si comme fols et folles sont
Que pour gigner au bordel vont;
Jouent aux dez, aux cartes, aux tables,
Que à Dieu ne sont delectables."

Le roman de '*Renart le Contrefait*,' qui est envers, a été composé par un anonyme qui paroit être de Champagne. Il nous apprend au folio 83 le temps où il l'a écrit:—

"Celui que ce roman ecript,
Et qui le fist sans faire faire,
Et sans prendre autre exemplaire
Tant y pensa et jour et nuit,
En l'an mil lii cent xxviii.
En analant y mist sa cure,
Et continua l'écriture
Plus de xxlii ans y mist au faire,
Atant que li le pense par faire
Bien poet veoir la manière."

It is evident, however, that if the poet took twenty-eight years in finishing and perfecting his poems, his mention of cards may be placed even earlier than 1341, as we find him mentioning matters to that date, such as speaking of Philip de Valois, who died in 1350, as still alive.

After thus investigating the claims of all the countries which have hitherto put forward pretensions to the honour (if honour it be) of inventing cards, we must still give the palm to Germany. It was the great industry of the Leipzig printer, Johann Gottlob Imman Breitkopf, in the work already cited,

who first published (p. 9, note 9) the express testimony of a German writer. In "*Das guldin Spiel, gedruckt bey Sinter Zeiner, zir Augsburg*" (fol. 1472, tit. 5), we find, "*Fun ist das spil bol untrew, und, als ich gelesen hein, so ist es kommen in Teutschland der ersten, in der jar, da mun jalt bon Christ geburt tausent dreihundert jar.*" ("The Golden Looking-Glass, printed by Günther Zeiner, in Augsburg." "But the game is full of deceit, and, as I have read, was first brought into Germany in the year in which we count thirteen hundred from Christ's birth.")

Breitkopf lays great stress upon this authority as referring only to cards, as he says, "We may fairly depend upon this account, as it agrees with proofs which we gather from old German municipal accounts, in which playing cards at certain dates are either not mentioned or expressly named. Thus, in the Stadtbook of Augsburg of 1275, cards are not mentioned with other games; and in an old book of ordinances at Nürnberg, which mentions the prohibition betwixt 1286 and 1290 against excessive gambling, we have no mention of cards, and equally as little in one of 1299; but in a subsequent one from 1380 to 1384, cards are mentioned amongst the permitted games, which allows us to suppose a considerable number of years previously for their introduction." Heineken ("*Idées générales*," p. 241), gives this passage in a note from Breitkopf (p. 241), but is incredulous for the fixing of any date for the introduction: "Cependant il reste toujours impossible d'en déterminer exactement l'époque."

It may therefore be necessary to seek for some confirmation of this date, as well as to meet the doubt of such an excellent and diligent inquirer, and this we conceive will be best effected by giving proof of the coetaneous appearance of the gipsies in Europe with this oldest date.

Liber, who, in his "*Collections*," has given such curious elucidations on cards and their introduction, says (vol. x. p. 386):—"Il est certain que l'époque où l'usage des cartes a commencé en Europe correspond avec celle où les premiers Bohémiens y sont montrés."

Sir Thomas Browne, in his essay on vulgar errors, states the first arrival of gipsies in Germany in 1409, in Switzerland in 1416, in Italy 1420, and in France he gives the date, even to the exact day, as 17th August, 1427.

Grellman gives these dates with a slight variation: they were seen in Hungary in 1417, in Switzerland 1418, according to Ersch and Gruber, and 1422 in Italy; but he considers their first entrance into Southern Europe was from the countries around the Caspian and Black Seas, as we shall find confirmed by the latest and most trustworthy authority.

Some of the most curious accounts are, however, found in an Hamburg chronicle, edited by Archivarius Lappenberg, who has given us an excellent early English history, which, as the extracts offer some curious particulars concerning this nomadic race, deserves the attention of the reader—"Anno 1417, sind erstens die Tartaren in diisse Land gekommen die vorhin hir nicht gewaudert haben." ("Anno 1417, the Tartars are first come into this land, that never before have wandered hither.") The denomination of Tartars here given the gipsies is curious, and confirmatory of an Eastern immigration through the vast steppes of Asia: the following entries from the same contemporaneous chronicle are a curious evidence of the respect with which they were treated, and the presents that were given them on their first arrival:—

1434—30 sol. comiti Johann de parvo Egyptio.
1431—6 Thal. dom. comiti Tartarorum de parvo Egyptio propinata.
1443—4 Thal. Tartaris propter deum erogata.
1444—2 Thal. Tartaris propter deum propinata.
1445—4 Thal. &c. &c.

These are large sums for the period, and since entered merely as *pour boire*, are such only as would be offered to princely visitants, in which rank the title of *comes* would seem to place them.

We have, however, an excellent account of the gipsy migration from the earliest period on the fully competent authority of Sir Henry Rawlinson, which is entirely in agreement with the earliest date we have found for notices of cards, in 1300, in Germany, and which we give therefore at some length.

At a meeting of the Geographical Society, held

February 22nd, 1856—when a paper was read by Consul Gardner on the gipsies, or Zingaria, of Moldavia, stating them at 120,000 souls, as intelligent and industrious, but prædial slaves, and with an Indian origin, established from the agreement of their language with that of Hindostan—Sir Henry Rawlinson gave a very interesting outline of gipsy emigration, and confirmed the author's opinion of their Indian origin. "Their first immigration was from the Indies in the fourth century, whence they proceeded to Beloochistan. From thence they reached Susiana, and, in the sixth century, they occupied the Chaldean marshes, from whence they moved to the Cilician gates, and continued to inhabit north Syria till the Greek emperor moved them to Iconium. In the thirteenth century they had reached the Bosphorus, and were first heard of in Europe in the fourteenth century, when we find them in Moldavia. Everywhere their language corresponds with the Hindostani, and in Aleppo they can be conversed with in that language without difficulty." This account we have condensed from the report of the meeting given in the *Athenæum*, but as to the language, it is confirmed very recently by a writer in *Notes and Queries*, 26th February, 1858, from India, under the signature "Exul." He says, "Having frequently heard and seen it asserted that Indian officers have been able to understand the gipsy language by means of their knowledge of Hindostanee, the writer wishes for a gipsy vocabulary."

Before, however, making all the deductions Sir Henry's account offers, we may inquire if the first settlement of the gipsies may not extend beyond the Indus and Ganges, and stretch even to the utmost bounds of South Asia—may become, in fact, another link to the many found with the increase of our acquaintance, connecting Europe with our most southern colony of New Zealand. The following extract from "Zealand Past and Present, Savage and Civilized," by Arthur S. Thompson, M.D., copied from the *Athenæum*, Sept. 15, 1860, deserves, at least, our attention. "Dr. Thompson traces the New Zealanders to the Malayan Islands and Peninsula, devoting an interesting chapter to the speculations on the subject, and even delineating on a map the route of the Malayan emigration, fixing their arrival as having been about simultaneous with that of the gipsies in Europe."

Some more extended information on the manners and language of the New Zealanders must be obtained before we can establish an identity of races in these two simultaneous emigrations, caused by some violent revolution in India, which could not have been the invasion by Timour, as Grellman supposes, and fixes with the taking of Delhi, 8th January, 1399; and still less the assumption of Hoiyand, that the gipsies are the Soudra caste of Hindoos driven out by Timour, 1408-9, for this would not allow any time for the migration of so large a body for the assumed distance. A more probable date, and a more violent revolutionary disruption of the Indian government, would be the invasion and conquest of the country by Zengisch Khan in the first half of the thirteenth century, which would give about seventy years for the long march. It may be that the gipsies are latent under the following notice, which fully agrees with Sir Henry Rawlinson's route and date, 1241. Orthodox obtains from Aleddin, Sultan of Iconium, a settlement between the Sanegarius and Mount Olympus for four hundred families, who had been driven from Khorasan by Zengisch Khan: from these the Ottomans are descended. This would give an unexpected affinity between the gipsies and the once martial Turk. It is not impossible that the elements of fortitude and valour are now repressed in the European gipsy by having to contend against a more potent enemy than the Ottoman met in the overrated East, and which, to our cost, we still find aroused in the Maori savage of New Zealand.

We may now review the points hitherto gained in furtherance of our argument, that the first mention of playing cards, in 1300, for Germany is coincident with the best ascertained date of the arrival of the gipsies on the countries watered by the mighty Donau, and thence their advance inland for the space of about seventy years; and our conclusion is, therefore—particularly in the absence of any better theory, or rather, in fact, with no other consistent theory—that cards were the invention of this wandering, houseless race,

for the special purpose of aiding them in the cheating and trickery by which they hoped to make the western nations their tributaries—as probably another branch, the Ottoman, on a less difficult field, subjected the eastern provinces of the Roman empire by their valour. They may have brought with them the first conception of cards as the most convenient instrument for their practices; but these were utterly changed in form and arrangement, to suit the tastes or wants of the people amongst whom they found themselves. This would fully tally with the ideas of Borrow, in his "Zincali"—than whom few have known the gipsies more intimately—which I have quoted as the motto to my second chapter:—"In all their cheating they only seize in a more subtle way the superstitions of the nations they are among." Is it not, therefore, remarkably confirmatory of Borrow's judgment, and of our own theory, that we find one of the oldest and best-known legends of Germany seized upon by this subtle race, as the most fitting in which to dress their new instruments of deception? This legend still lives in various parts of the country, though in varied forms, but still with the principal features of the original stories. Near Vienna Rubezahl has changed his appellation to Karl, who still watches for good or evil on the Holl, and near the spring at Lieoring, accordingly as he is treated; as we learn from Bernalaken's "Mythen und Bräuche des Volkes in Oesterreich" (Wien, 1859):—

"Once on a time two jovial students wandered up to the spring, and a third walked in deep meditation behind them. They were met by a lad with a pitcher of the water on his shoulder, who said to the two foremost, 'You surely are going up to the spring to look for lottery numbers in it!'—'What business is that of thine?' said they bluntly, and strode forward. The same inquiry was put by the boy to the third, who followed at some distance in deep distress, and he replied, 'I should like to take a look if I thought it would help my luck.' The lad took down the pitcher from his shoulder, and said to the student, 'Look into it, and put your hand upon the numbers you see in it.' The student did so, and gained sufficient to make him a rich man. That boy was no other than Karl, who is sure to found the fortune of those who treat him properly."

The confident assertion of Cicognara ("Memorie," p. 128),—"Non trovando si—ne in Spagna, ne in Italia, ne in Germania, ne in Inghilterra nessun monumento anteriore alla Cronica del Petit Jean de Saintre ove si parti de giuocche di carte, cosicche ascrivebbe la loro origine contra la realta di non non poche fatti, all' 1375,"—will be met by the investigations of Sir Henry Rawlinson, already cited, who brings the gipsies to the Bosphorus in 1230, which would give, in seventy years, ample time for them to have spread over the entire Austrian dominions before 1300, to have seized the legend, and invented such cards as suited with it.

Bohemia, in a general sense, is often used for the aggregate of the dominions of the house of Hapsburg. Thus, in 1741, when Maria Theresa was *de facto* merely Queen of Hungary, she is styled the Bohemian, and in "The House of Hanover," p. 189, we have the copy of a print from the excellent burin of Mr. F. W. Fairholt, where, in the background, is shown the bombardment of Prague; and the empress is represented as a ragged gipsy (une Bohémienne), kneeling before the King of France, to whom she offers her jewels with the prayer, "Sire, ayez pitié d'une pauvre Bohémienne."

This consideration may be, however, of still greater value; it may remove the imputation against Shakspeare that he was so ignorant of geography as to make Bohemia a maritime country—an imputation I am in some measure more particularly called on to refute, as otherwise it would militate against the theory I have advocated in my "Shakspeare's Puck and his Folks' Lore," that our great poet passed a considerable portion of his early life in Germany. It would totally overturn my argument if he could, with such long experience of the country, believe that Bohemia could be reached from Sicily by sea.

The case against Shakspeare is this: in the "Winter's Tale," Act iv. Scene 3, the scene is laid as—*Bohemia, a desert country near the sea. Enter Antigonus with the child, and a mariner:*

"Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath touch'd the deserts of Bohemia."

Nor can any error arise in the name, for we have it mentioned repeatedly. The vision to *Antigonus* tells him, in regard to the infant—

"Places remote enough are in Bohemia:
There weep and leave it crying;"

and Time, as *Chorus*, says—

"Imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia."

besides other passages: but it is certain that the special locality must have been some portion of the eastern shore of the Adriatic Sea, always, however, following the fate of the kingdom of Hungary, which, since the unfortunate battle of Mohács, in 1526, had been an integral portion of the Austrian dominions. It seems, therefore, so far from Shakspeare's want of a knowledge of continental geography being attested in the above play, that it proves a much better acquaintance with it than the commentators possess, who have brought the charge against him. In using Bohemia as a generic, as an aggregate for the states united under the double-headed eagle, he has not merely poetical license in his favour, but an admitted usage.

But there is another consideration, from the use of the name of Bohemia in our English annals, that is not quite foreign to our subject. Shakspeare may have been led to use this geographical term as the aggregate of the Austrian dominions from the same view taken of it by English writers when they call the queen of Richard II. Anne of Bohemia. She was married to the young king, January 13, 1382, and was sister to Wenceslaus, Emperor of Germany and King of Bohemia. As, however, in his former capacity he was only an archduke of Austria, and his title of emperor was merely elective, not hereditary, the title of king was personally of a higher dignity, and would cover all his other hereditary dominions; and so it might be used when, in 1526, Hungary was annexed, and Shakspeare, in 1586, could learn the fact in the country.

Other continental geographical niceties will fully bear out this consideration. In 1702, the then Elector of Brandenburg, as Elector Frederic III., wishing, from the size and extent of his dominions, to have the title of king, could, according to the then public polity of the empire, take such title from no part of his electoral dominions, which, as portions of the Germanic confederation, were considered as fiefs under the emperor. Prussia, however, which was wholly behind the Vistula, and beyond the pale of the double eagle, offered a refuge. That grand-duchy might become a kingdom irrespectively of Germany, though the aggregate of the other dominions of the Elector gave the kingdom its greatest weight in European politics. So the Elector Frederic III. proclaiming himself King of Prussia as Frederic I., was crowned as such at Königsberg, the capital of Prussia; and this is the reason why, in the present month of October, his present majesty of Prussia is crowned there, and not in his real capital of Berlin. But would any one at the present day be considered ignorant of geography who called Westphalia or the Rhenish provinces Prussia?

A similar instance is found directly south. The districts of Piedmont and Savoy were, like the electorate of Brandenburg, fiefs of the empire: from simple margraves their rulers were, in 1416, created by the Emperor Sigismund Dukes of Savoy, and with equal aspirations and difficulty as his contemporary the King of Prussia, Victor Amadeus II., was elevated to the kingly dignity the 2nd of November, 1718, by a title differing from that of any portion of the imperial fiefs, as King of Sardinia; his successor being now *de facto* King of Italy, may kick down the footstool which raised him to sovereignty, and he may contemplate parting without reluctance with the island on which his first regal title was based.

Having thus fixed a date and a locality for the gipsies' appearance coincident with the first mention of cards, in prosecution of our views as to the connection of both, we must in the subsequent chapters exhibit the confirmation of this theory from a closer consideration of the figures on the oldest packs that have been hitherto discovered—of the names for the suits independently of what has been already shown, as also from some curious reminiscences of older games in those with which we now play.

THE TURNER GALLERY.

THE SHIPWRECK.

Engraved by W. Miller.

THERE are few, if any, pictures by Turner which have tended more to enhance his reputation by showing the versatility of his genius, than this grand composition—one of such power and daring, that the mind almost intuitively shrinks from the contemplation of a scene so full of horrors mingled with so much of the terrible majesty of nature, and marvels at the intellect which created it out of the stores of imagination, aided, possibly, by the recollection of being an eye-witness of some similar catastrophe. The picture has been long known to thousands, through Mr. C. Turner's large mezzotint engraving, but it was never publicly exhibited till it became national property. It was painted in 1805, for Sir John F. Leicester, afterwards created Lord De Tabley, who subsequently exchanged it for another, 'The Sun Rising in Vapour,' by desire of Lady De Tabley; this lady, having lost a favourite nephew during a storm at sea, objected to a subject that constantly reminded her of the sad event.

The ship that is wrecked, lies almost broadside to the spectator on the right, and is, apparently a large Indiaman:—

"A gorgeous freight that broad-sailed vessel bore—
The blazing diamond and the blushing ore;
Spices that sighed their incense, till the sails
Were fanned along on aromatic gales
From Orient lands." *Keats.*

She has struck on a rock somewhere on the British coast, as is evidenced by the fishing-boats proceeding to assist in rescuing the crew and passengers, some of whom, with their luggage, are already in a large row-boat, and being borne through the "yeast of waves," with small chance, as it would seem, of ultimate escape. The two boats on each side are proceeding to the wreck; one lifted high on the crest of a huge wave, the other scarcely visible as she sinks down in the trough of the sea. Other vessels are seen standing off the immense hull, from the bowsprit of which figures are dropping into a smaller boat below. In the immediate foreground is the rudder of the Indiaman, tossed like a twig on the wild wilderness of waters. But all these are comparatively insignificant portions of the picture, it is the wonderful "seascape" which must strike every beholder with astonishment—the waves tumbling, and boiling, and rushing madly over each other, now forming lofty, impenetrable walls, now sinking into deep gulfs, here white with foam and spray, there almost of inky blackness; and above all, the storm-clouds driving in fierce anger, the ministers of terror and destruction: the marvel is, that amid such a hurricane of the elements above and below, seamen, even with all the daring and hardihood which seems to be theirs naturally, could be found tempting the death that appears inevitable in the yawning chasms of water.

"The vessel now tossed
Through the low trailing track of the tempest, is lost
In the skirts of the thunder-cloud; now down the sweep
Of the wind-cloven wave to the chasm of the deep;
It sinks, and the walls of the watery vale
Whose depths of dread calm are unmoved by the gale,
Dim mirrors of ruin, hang gleaming about;
While the surf-like chaos of stars, like a rout
Of death flames, like whirlpools of fire-flung iron,
With splendour and terror the black ship environ." *Keats.*

The picture has in it but little colour; it is painted almost throughout in a grey leaden tone, which time has rendered darker and more opaque. The light falls chiefly on the foreground, the tan-coloured sail of the boat on the right being the "point;" it is repeated, however, on the crests of the distant waves ere they are lost amid the falling ruin. The whole scene vividly recalls to mind Shakspeare's lines in the *Tempest*—

"O, I have suffered
With those I saw suffer; a brave vessel
Which had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,
Dashed all to pieces.—O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart!"

The 'Shipwreck' is in the National Gallery at Kensington.

THE BELGIAN ARTISTIC CONGRESS.

THERE were great doings in Antwerp in the month of August last, when the authorities and inhabitants of the "City of Rubens" opened their doors to receive and entertain a multitude of artists, and numerous distinguished literary men from all parts of Europe, who chose to avail themselves of the invitation which had been previously made publicly known through the columns of the various journals, both here and on the continent.

Upwards of one thousand individuals, according to the list printed by the conductors of this artistic *fête* or congress, gave their "adherence" to the object proposed, and of these a very large number was present to participate in it. The arrivals from England were far fewer than might have been anticipated, considering that at this season of the year the majority of our artists are anywhere but in their studios at home. The representatives of the Royal Academy were—Mr. J. P. Knight, Secretary, Messrs. David Roberts, E. M. Ward, and Doo; of the Society of British Artists, Mr. Hurlstone, President, and Mr. Salter; of the New Society of Painters in Water-Colours, Mr. H. Warren, President, Messrs. Louis Haghe (a Belgian by birth), Fahey, Secretary, and Wehnert; the Old Society of Water-Colour Painters was altogether unrepresented. From the Royal Institute of British Architects went Professor Donaldson, Mr. James Ferguson, Mr. George Godwin, and Mr. Digby Wyatt; Mr. Ferguson and Mr. Godwin also, with Mr. E. Antrobus, represented the Art-Union of London; Mr. H. Ottley, Secretary of the Society for the Encouragement of Art, was there on the part of that institution; Mr. W. Cave Thomas was the only artist from Britain, except those mentioned, who made his appearance among the assembled guests. Germany had its representatives in Achenbach, Becker, Cretius, Eggers, Förster, Hübner, Schirmer, Tidemann, Von Gossler, Von Hackländer, Von Kleuze, Von Schwind, and Stubenrauch; France, in E. About, A. Achard de Caumont, Chamfleury, R. Fleury, Gudin, the Baron Taylor, and others; Holland, in Hofdyk, Van Elfen, and Van Lennep. Italy, the old land of Art, could find no modern artist to represent her; but Denmark was seen in the persons of Beranger and Klas Groth. Belgium had, of course, all her greatest men, and not a small number of inferior note there. M. Rogier, the Belgian prime-minister, acted as president. Antwerp was crowded with visitors during the three days devoted to the Art *fêtes*. These were commenced on the afternoon of August the 17th, with the inauguration of the statues of Boduagnat and Pierre Condenberg, natives of the city, the former of whom fell in battle, according to the tradition of the country, against the Romans, when the legions of Cæsar invaded the country; the latter was an eminent chemist and botanist, who lived in the sixteenth century. At half-past two o'clock the communal administration and the section of the *Arts Plastiques* of the *Cercle Artistique* walked in procession, accompanied by flags and banners, to the Boulevard Leopold, where the statue of Boduagnat, by M. Ducain, was uncovered with loud acclamations. The procession then moved on to the *Promenade du Glacis*, where the same ceremony was performed with the statue of Condenberg, which is by M. de Cuyper. Both figures are works of very considerable merit.

On the evening of the same day, the guests assembled at the *Cercle Artistique*, an institution the object of which is signified by its name, where the guests were met and welcomed by the vice-president, M. Delvaux; after which the whole body marched in procession to the

Hôtel de Ville, with bands of music, preceded and accompanied by torch-bearers. As the procession moved along through the *Grande Place* and by the noble cathedral, whose lofty spire stood out boldly against the clear, moon-lit sky, the scene became one of a most picturesque and exciting character, the populace in large numbers joining the ranks and exhibiting the liveliest interest in all that was taking place. Arrived at the Town Hall, guests and people entered it almost indiscriminately, filling the rooms to the exclusion of many of the former. Here the Burgomaster, M. Loos, welcomed the assembly, Professor Donaldson and Mr. Cave Thomas replying on the part of their countrymen.

The next day being Sunday, the morning was ushered in, or perhaps we should rather say the *fêtes* were inaugurated, by high mass in the cathedral, followed by the *Procession de Notre Dame*. During some hours of the middle of the day, under a hot sun, the priests and other officers of the church, paraded the streets of Antwerp in imposing array, and bearing banners of golden embroidery, of great value, and a figure of the Virgin blazing with diamonds and gorgeously apparelled, the jewels alone being valued at upwards of £30,000. Having reached the *Grande Place*, the dean left his canopy, and bestowed a benediction amid clouds of incense, which rose up and filled the air with its fragrance. This ceremonial, however, was intended more for the people of Antwerp than for the guests, who for the most part occupied their time with visiting the *Société Royale pour l'Encouragement des Beaux Arts*, or what we should call the "Belgian Royal Academy," where about fifteen hundred works of Art invited the attention of the visitors, among which were some by the most eminent artists of the country,—De Keyser, president of the institution, H. Leys, Braekeler, Verboeckhoven, Gallait, Dykmans, Willems, Jacobs, Cernak, and others. In the afternoon of the day, a banquet was given to the visitors, by the inhabitants of the city, in the *Théâtre des Variétés*, the stage and ball-room at the back being included in the space set apart for the entertainment, and the whole admirably fitted up and decorated. The *département de cuisine* was excellently served, hot, to a dinner-party of twelve hundred and fifty. Two toasts only were given, that of "The King," and "The Foreign Artists." After the banquet came a *fête-champêtre*, given by the *Société Royale d'Harmonie d'Anvers* in their pretty gardens, which were illuminated, outside the ramparts. The music, principally choral, was executed by members of the Lyrical Society of Brussels.

Among the numerous transparencies that ornamented the gardens, was one representing the 'Genius of Immortality' inscribing on a marble slab the names of artists belonging to the various countries represented at the congress. For Italy (absent) Raffaele and Michel Angelo; for Belgium, Van Eyck and Rubens; for Germany, Albert Dürer and Holbein; Holland, Van Leyden and Rembrandt; France, Poussin and Lesueur; Spain (also absent), Murillo and Velasquez; for England, Hogarth and Reynolds.

Hitherto all had been feasting and revelry, but on the morning of the 19th, the more sober business of the congress commenced by the inauguration, with suitable religious ceremonies, of some mural paintings in St. George's Church. At the conclusion, a public meeting of the Academy of Antwerp was held in the large gallery of the museum. The audience present on this occasion was most select, including the Belgian Minister of the Interior, the Burgomaster, and many high officials, besides the most distinguished of the foreign visitors. From a raised platform, under some fine pictures by Rubens and Vandyke, M. De



J.M.W. TURNER, R.A. 1812-1891

W. MILLER, SCULPTOR

THE SHIPWRECK.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

LONDON: JAMES S. COOK.



Keyser delivered a short but very interesting address, and Mr. Henry Leys read a "report." Afterwards the members of the Academy attended service in the cathedral, where the dean and the clergy received them with due formality, and preceded them to their appointed seats. Then followed the opening of the congress in the great hall of the *cité*; the Burgomaster presided, and the Duke de Brabant, unable to be present, showed his interest in the proceedings by sending a letter of approval. The *bureau* was formed, and a vice-president elected for each country, Mr. Donaldson being appointed for England. A long discussion then took place with reference to the order of the programme, where questions of material interest were placed before those of philosophical interest. The matter was warmly debated, chiefly between the French and German visitors, the former ranging themselves on the side of material, or positive, and the latter on that of the ideal, or aesthetic. It was, however, explained that both would be discussed simultaneously in the sections. The members then elected in which section they should work, and proceeded to business. The great point referred to in the "material" section was that of copyright; and the first day was occupied in determining whether or not the question of *perpetuity* of right, on the part of one who has originated, or created, a work of Art, might be discussed: this point was settled in the affirmative. In the evening the visitors were entertained by the musical section of the Antwerp Society of Arts with an excellent concert of classic compositions, which was honoured by the presence of the King of Bavaria,—who, like his father, is a liberal patron of the Fine Arts,—and all the local aristocracy and commercial magnates of the district who were in the city or its vicinity at the time. In this concert a large number of ladies of Antwerp, amateur singers, all elegantly dressed in costume nearly, if not quite, alike, with about three times as many gentlemen, formed the choir.

On Tuesday the congress resumed its sittings, occupying the greater part of the day in discussing questions of style in architecture, of Art-copyright, and of legislation as affecting Art in general. "From such discussions," says the correspondent of the *Times*, "it could scarcely be expected that any important practical results should issue, but it could not be otherwise than interesting to see men so distinguished in so many different ways, and representing so many nationalities and institutions, concurring in the friendliest and yet most earnest agitation of the points upon which universal interests might be recognised as superseding national and individual." We may, hereafter, find more to say upon the respective subjects brought under notice; one introduced by the Baron Taylor, that "the idea belongs to the author of it in perpetuity," was disposed of in the negative.

The *fêtes*, but not the congress, concluded with a grand ball at the *Théâtre des Variétés*, with illuminations and fireworks on the Glacis, the spire of the cathedral being splendidly illuminated with Bengal lights, producing a most beautiful effect. In the afternoon of the day, the population of Antwerp was delighted, as it usually is, with the "Procession of the Giants," or *Ommeganc*, as it is there called. Most of our readers will doubtless recollect the engraving published in the *Art-Journal* some time since, from the picture by Baron Wappers, representing this "Lord Mayor's Show" of the old city of Belgium.

All our countrymen present on the occasion of the *fêtes* and congress express themselves in the warmest terms of the kindness, courtesy, and hospitality of the inhabitants, and of the efforts made by all classes to do honour to their guests.

THE NEW GROSVENOR HOTEL.

PALACE building may be a very honourable and also an eminently distinguished occupation for an architect, but it certainly, at the same time, is a hazardous one. For, unless he be a man of thoroughly palatial powers, the palace-builder may sometimes be subjected to the inconvenient comparisons and contrasts which observers will not fail to draw between the palace, and whatever new edifices of importance may rise from time to time in its neighbourhood. In England, to be sure, the rule obtains to prevent as far as possible the highest architectural engagements from being placed in the ablest architectural hands; so that in this country a man may build or add to a palace, without any exalted expectations ever being formed about his work. And thus if the palace-building be only moderately bad as architecture, why there is supposed to be sufficient material for congratulation to stifle any tendencies towards dissatisfaction. But still, people there are who will obstinately persist in estimating even palaces by their actual merits, instead of weighing them in the uneven balance of contingent circumstances; and who also are no less determined to compare palaces and other buildings as contemporary examples, not of architectural patronage, but of architecture. Thus, at the present moment, a very instructive lesson may be derived from an independent and fair comparison between what royal-architects have achieved for the honour of the crown and the nation in Buckingham Palace, and the humbler efforts of such a man as Mr. Knowles, when he is commissioned by a company to erect for them a railway-hotel. Hotels, to be sure, may be expected to aspire to becoming palaces of a certain order; and yet the Royal Palace of England might also be no less naturally expected to possess and to retain an appropriate architectural supremacy. In the instance of the immense edifice that is thrust, wedge fashion, as close as might be to the western front of Westminster Abbey, Buckingham Palace will endure a comparison without any peril. That "Westminster Palace" hotel apparently was designed expressly to show Mr. Pennythorne that something might be done on a grand scale in aristocratic Westminster, with which the latest additions to royal residence in the metropolis might be favourably contrasted.

Not so, however, the new Grosvenor Hotel, which Mr. Knowles is bringing forward, rapidly and with steady energy and admirable skill, towards its completion, in connection with the scarcely finished group of railway termini, known collectively as the "Victoria Station." Situated in close proximity to the palace, the "Grosvenor" is a building of a very different order from both the "Westminster Palace" hotel and the Palace itself. It is simply as worthy of its aim and purpose as the palace is unworthy of its title and its associations—and this is saying a great deal, and yet not a syllable too much, for the "Grosvenor." We do not care to pronounce any opinion relative to the comparative qualities and merits of the brick and stone masonry and the chisel-wrought decorations of the "Grosvenor," and either the stucco insipidities of the "Westminster," or the monstrous absurdity of its stone doorway. Nor have we any intention to follow out the comparison that we have rather suggested than drawn between the palace and the "Grosvenor." Our present purpose is to record our admiration for the manner in which Mr. Knowles is adorning his hotel with sculpture and carving; and this we feel it to be impossible to do, without, at least, intimating the contrast that is so palpable between the hotel architecture and the palace architecture, and between the architecture of one new Westminster hotel and that of another. We confess that we should have rejoiced had the "Westminster" been such a building as might have stood near the abbey without outraging the *genius loci*—indeed, such an one as would have grouped well with the abbey and the hall and the palace of the legislature. And the royal standard we should have preferred to have seen floating over a truly regal edifice—not over anything in the style of Buckingham Palace. In a word, we would have had all the Victorian architecture of Westminster worthy both of the age which produced it, and of the several purposes which might have called it into existence. As it is, we are able to look with satisfaction amongst buildings of the

first order of importance, only to Sir Charles Barry's grand pile, and to the new "Grosvenor" hotel of Mr. Knowles.

At present the narrowness of the streets almost precludes the possibility of seeing to advantage the front and the two ends of the "Grosvenor." The back of the hotel adjoins, and indeed constitutes a part of the railway terminus. The plan of the building is simple and most effective, consisting of an unbroken central range, with a wing at either end, which advances to the front of the main line, and also rises higher than the central mass, and has its roof crowned after the Italian manner now in favour. The effect of the exterior is obtained by the judicious adaptation and aggroupment of the component parts and details, and in no unimportant degree by the elaborate richness of the decorative carving. The openings for the doorways and windows are all arched with round arches, except the windows of the third floor range: these are square-headed in the masonry, but the windows themselves are surmounted, within the masonry, with flat segmental curves enriched with pierced carving. In every instance, the heads of the windows are enriched within, and generally in a subordinate plane from the window-arches, with rich pierced carved work. The spandrels of the arches throughout the spacious structure are profusely adorned with sculptured foliage; in addition to which, two long rows of circular panels extend along the entire front and traverse the two ends of the building, from each of which a bust projects boldly, sculptured in salient relief. The fronts of the two wings have each a full-length statue; and the strings, the cornice with its bold corbelling, the parapet, and the window and door arches have all their own becoming enrichment from the chisel. The architectural composition has been most carefully studied, and it tells well. The only point which appears to us to fall short of the prevailing excellence is the isolation of the windows of the second floor, each of which, with its flat projecting canopy and its rich carving, stands quite distinct by itself; whereas the two ranges of windows both below and above are all connected, either by true structural arcades, or by the aggroupment of their details. The uppermost range of windows below the parapet (there are two higher ranges above, in the roof) is of two lights, the lights themselves being arched beneath a boldly recessed single arch. The windows of the first, second, third, and fourth ranges are single lights. This window arrangement commands our warmest admiration. The strings also have been placed with equal success between the window ranges. They project boldly to form balconies, and their varied enrichment is at once judiciously adjusted and thoroughly effective. In the centre of the grand front, in the projecting fronts of the two wings, and along the ends, a lion's head is sculptured between each pair of arched openings, while rich wreaths of flowers are festooned in the solid stone from arch to arch. The wings have an additional band of splendid roses and rose-foliage carved immediately beneath their cornices, forming friezes of floral work. Mr. Knowles has not forgotten to adjust the scale as well as the style of his carving to its elevation above the spectator's eye, and also to its relative position and associations amongst the component parts and details of the building.

This carving, which is by far more profuse in its quantity than in any other building (with the sole exception of the palace of the parliament) in London, must always constitute the grand distinguishing feature of the building which it so happily adorns. Instead of once more repeating the long worn-out conventionalisms which so many of his professional brethren still suppose to be the only legitimate forms of architectural decoration, Mr. Knowles has expatiated in the free use of the beautiful forms of natural foliage and flowers, and has dealt with them as models for his carvers with masterly ability. The heavy festoons above the central and end arches, of the lowermost range, and the lions' heads are the only objects we are not able to admire. These festoons, though admirably executed and as well designed for festoons, are painfully opposed in the strained stiffness of their positively conventional arrangement to the free growth of the spandrel and frieze foliage; and the lions' heads have no meaning whatever: nor can they be regarded in any other light than as intruders, who have lost their way and established themselves in their present quarters under

a mistake. The busts are sculptured with a free and bold hand, though as examples of portrait-sculpture they might have been more successful. The crown that encircles the royal brow sufficiently distinguishes the Queen; and Lord Clyde cannot be mistaken; and there are several other heads that at once proclaim their own individuality. The foliage carving has been executed in a manner that exemplifies most honourably the abilities of our architectural carvers, and it must have fully realized the intentions of the architect. Such work can scarcely fail to inaugurate a better system of architectural decoration, and to introduce into general use a natural style of design in the place of the wretched conventionalities that ought long ago to have been obsolete.

The exterior of the "Grosvenor" will soon be completed, and the works are being pushed rapidly forward in the interior. The central hall will correspond in its enrichments with the external carvings; and the spacious edifice, throughout its numerous apartments and corridors, is receiving suitable adornment, designed in harmony with the prevailing character of the architecture. When the whole is complete, we shall again advert to this most valuable accession to the street architecture of London. We now tender to Mr. Knowles our congratulations upon the success which has attended his efforts to associate excellent sculpture with his excellent architecture; and the directors of the "Grosvenor Hotel Company," we trust, will share our own feeling of admiration for the noble edifice that their architect has provided for them. Our only serious regret with reference to the decorative construction of the "Grosvenor" arises from the total absence of colour. We should have wished to have seen both warm terra-cottas grouped with the pale carvings, and variously coloured marbles intermixed with the stone-work of the arches. Perhaps in his next great work Mr. Knowles may act upon this suggestion.

CARTES-DE-VISITE.

NEVER was a nomenclature based upon the principle of *lucra a non lucendo* exemplified in a more characteristic manner, than in the instance of the delightful photographic miniatures that now are universally popular under the title of *Cartes-de-Visite*. They are neither regarded nor used as visiting cards, nor does any one think of applying to them a plain English designation to that effect; and yet everybody understands a *Carte-de-Visite* to be a small photographic portrait, generally a full length, mounted on a card; and everybody is also equally anxious both to obtain his or her own miniature, executed in this style, and to form a collection of these *Cartes-de-Visite*—the portraits of everybody else. For the present, apparently, the most popular, the most deservedly popular also, and by far the most numerous class of English portraits must be content to be known by an inapplicable and indeed an unmeaning French name: perhaps, in due time, the *carte-de-visite* fashion of to-day may subside into what we certainly hope will prove to be an enduring admiration for sun-miniatures—portraits, that is, of precisely the same order, but bearing a simple and becoming English title.

Meanwhile, however strange the misapplication of the term *carte-de-visite* may have become in its prevailing use, the photographic miniatures themselves, certainly, are most felicitous expressions of the photographer's wonderful art. They are such true portraits, and they are so readily obtainable, and so easily re-produced, that they may well aspire to become absolutely universal. Few, indeed, are the individuals whose personal lineaments are not regarded with especial sympathy by at least a small group of loving friends; and, on the other hand, no less limited is the number of those persons who do not cherish the associations that are best conveyed by means of the portraits of the loved, and esteemed, and honoured. And then we all have a peculiar liking for our own portraits, and we always like them to be liked. So sun-miniatures are certain to prevail. Already they have attained to a position in the front rank of the Art-productions of the day, and, from their present eminent condition of popular approval, they are constantly making still further advances; and they will, in all probability, continue

to increase in public esteem so long as they are executed with skill and feeling, and they remain true to the simple fidelity of genuine portraiture.

It seems but the other day that Photography itself first appeared amongst us, sent as on a fresh sunbeam, and took its place with the most recent of the Arts; and now we see several distinct classes of photographs, to each of which may be properly assigned the rank of an independent branch of photography. These *cartes-de-visite* in themselves constitute what we may even entitle an Art. They multiply national portrait galleries *ad infinitum*. They produce the family portraits of the entire community. They form portrait collections, on a miniature scale, but with an unlimited range and in every possible variety—family collections, collections of the portraits of friends, and of celebrities of every rank and order, both foreign and of our own country. Nobody now needs to inquire what such-or-such a person may be like, or to be left to such surmises as written descriptions may convey of features and figures that cannot be actually seen. An ubiquitous *carte-de-visite* can always find its way with certainty and speed, and it is the best of all possible introductions, as it is the most agreeable of reminiscences. When our friends leave us, they leave with us these precious images which we can always and everywhere carry about with us, to feast our bodily eyes with their graphic representations, as memory is able to treasure up and to pass in mental review incidents that the past has taken with it, and words whose echoes have long ago died away. And when fresh connections are formed, or when new links are added to old chains, the ever-available *carte-de-visite* is ready to make known to us here at home, in *proprio personâ*, a far-away new daughter-in-law, or the number one (or the number whatever-you-please) of another generation. We now look with commingled surprise and scorn at the painful efforts at family portraiture that preceded the photographic era, and which resulted in either pallid libels, brush-produced upon ivory, or black paper reductions of shadows in profile, cut out with scissors, and closely allied to architectural sections. These black paper enormities admonish us that but a single step intervened between that first tracing of a much loved shadow on the wall at Corinth, and the almost breathing and sentient portrait of the *carte-de-visite*. And, let us be duly grateful to him; the same sun that inspired the Greeks with the happy thought of fixing a shadow, now gives us our perfect portraits—portraits that would have turned the very brain of Apelles himself, and which in common justice we ought to have called, not photo, but helio-graphs. And not only in the case of black profiles and feeble miniature "likenesses" does the *carte-de-visite* at once effect the most marvellous of revolutions in collections of family portraits, but also in comparison with the highest orders of miniature-pictures the little sun-portraits are well able to maintain their reputation. Thorburn gave up his miniatures just at the right time, as if influenced by a prescient impulse that an artist more potent even than himself would soon be at work, executing first-class miniatures for the million, and reproducing them with a corresponding ease and rapidity. Elaborately painted miniatures now are artistic curiosities, few in their numbers, and rather calculated to associate the present with the past, than to convey ideas in conformity with the spirit of an age that looks forward with so ardent a gaze. Very beautiful little objects are those miniature paintings, when they are really the work of true artists, and they always will be regarded with a loving admiration; but, reversing the process that acclimates plants, they have grown into exotics, while the *cartes-de-visite* are favourites that find a congenial soil in every spot, and flourish in every region, multiplying their numbers daily by tens of thousands.

In addition to what they accomplish in providing for us all such delightful miniatures of our families and friends, and of our own selves also, *cartes-de-visite* confer positive blessings in supplying us with faithful and thoroughly artistic portraits of individuals for whom, without including them in the ranks of our personal friends, we entertain a profound respect and perhaps a warm regard. And the same feeling which invests with their own peculiar charm the portraits of those whose lot in life is cast in close connection with our own, ex-

presses itself with a suitably modified earnestness in reference to the portraits of the honoured, the respected, and the admired. Second only in our esteem to our private portrait collection, is what we distinguish as our collection of portraits of public personages. Here *cartes-de-visite* expatiate in a field that positively knows no limits; and here also they exhibit in the most striking aspect their peculiar faculty of uniformly excellent reproduction. The production and the reproduction of the *carte-de-visite* portraits of Her Majesty the Queen, and of the various members of the Royal Family, would furnish materials for no ordinary chapter in the history of popular Art. A second series of these truly royal and truly national gems of sun-miniature painting has just made its appearance, and the new group raises still higher the reputation achieved by Mr. Mayall by means of their predecessors. It would be difficult to form an estimate of the extent to which these beautiful little portraits may be reproduced. Without a doubt they will be required in tens of thousands. They will have to find their way into every quarter of our Sovereign's wide dominions, and into every city and town, both at home and in the colonies, and into families innumerable. And they must be welcome always, and they must always be regarded as equally excellent both as portraits and as works of Art. These royal *cartes-de-visite* leave far behind them all other agencies for enshrining our Sovereign's person and her family in the homes of her people. They do for everybody, as much as Winterhalter can do for the Prince Consort himself.

We do not now insist upon the positive good that results from the universal diffusion of the *carte-de-visite* portraits of the Queen and the Royal Family, but we do cordially congratulate the nation upon possessing such a means for realizing the popular ideal of our Sovereign, and of the Princes and Princesses of England. While thus rendering a well-deserved tribute of admiration to Mayall's royal series, we are not disposed to forget to assign their own becoming praise to the other portraits of the same exalted personages which have just been executed and published by Mr. Silvy. This able artist has been eminently successful in his royal *cartes-de-visite*. They are first-rate, both as pictures and as portraits. The portraits of the Princess Royal (we still adhere to the English title of the royal lady, who was born "the eldest daughter of England"), the Princess Alice, and the Prince of Wales (the productions of Mr. John Watkins), have not been surpassed.

Then there are foreign princes, and men and women of eminence, together with the distinguished personages who share with ourselves the prized and honoured home of England, whose counterfeit resemblances these same photographic miniatures bring to us from every quarter. Whatever our special taste in Art, or literature, or science, we can select *cartes-de-visite* which will form for us our own collection of the portraits of the artists, the authors, or the philosophers whose names to us are as "household words." It is the same in politics—a *carte-de-visite* is equally ready for us, whether we prefer Derby or Palmerston, Lyndhurst or Brougham, and in either case the portrait sets before us the very man. We might multiply examples in every possible department of public life; we might single out our most eminent officers and our ablest civilians—we might select the individuals who signally adorn the professions, whether of the church, the bar, or of medicine, and we might pass on to public favourites of every varied calling; but, without attempting any such detailed illustrations of the versatile capacities of *carte-de-visite* miniatures, we are content to refer to the personal introductions which these wonderful portraits have effected for us to two individuals only—two men, not Englishmen, but men whom Englishmen delight to honour, the one still living in the fulness of his fame, and the other lamented as well as honoured—Garibaldi and Cavour.

The extraordinary popularity of the photographic miniatures we are considering, naturally has produced a very numerous array of professing artists, ready to execute whatever *carte-de-visite* may be required. In London alone many hundreds of establishments of this class exist, and the greater number of them flourish; and, in like manner, scarcely a town can be found which does not possess its own

resident photographer. It must not be supposed that all these artists by any means approximate to a common standard of excellence in their several works. We are not able to express any opinion relative to very many provincial photographers; but we certainly have seen many *cartes-de-visite* from the provinces, that are highly creditable to the artists by whom they have been executed. In London there are many photographers of the highest eminence, all of whom produce in vast numbers these ever-attractive miniatures; and the able artists are well diffused over the metropolis, so that there exists no difficulty in finding out an establishment at which even a stranger to London may have his miniature well taken in photography. *Cartes-de-visite* are executed in first-rate style at the Crystal Palace also; and we presume that a strong staff of photographers, with every appliance for their efficient action, will be attached to the Great Exhibition of next year. Even more numerous than the establishments for producing them are those at which *cartes-de-visite* are offered to the public for sale. They enjoy, too, a peculiar reputation, as it would seem, which leads them into a strange association with other objects, with which they would apparently have no kind or degree of sympathy. These photographic miniatures are exhibited and sold by persons whose establishments have no other connection with works of Art. They are in universal request, however, and so everybody thinks that he may quite consistently take a part in providing the requisite supply; and, if these portraits thus often find themselves in unexpected association with objects between which and themselves there can exist no possible sympathy, still more singular is that association which is apparent in the portraits displayed by *cartes-de-visite*, where they stand at the windows in long rows, tier above tier. The windows of the Photographic Institution, adjoining Bow Church, in the City, for example, afford abundant materials for reflection upon the contingencies of unexpected aggroupment. There, and in many other places also, the most curious contrasts may be drawn, and the most startling combinations effected. Of course all these combinations are purely casual; but it is their casual origin that constitutes their singularity; and, after all, when even the most hurried of passing glances reveals to us fac-simile images of Lord Shaftesbury and Cardinal Wiseman, and of the French Emperor and Sims Reeves side by side, with those of Florence Nightingale and Blondin and Professor Owen forming a trio, we are reminded in a manner the most impressive that *cartes-de-visite* miniatures are creations of the present day, portraits of our own actual contemporaries. These photographs are essentially novelties—they belong to the present; with the past, except with so much of it as has been very recently the present, they have no connection whatever; as we have said, they are contemporary portraits—portraits of the men, and women, and children of the living generation. And the strange composition of many groups of these *cartes-de-visite* portraits may not inaptly suggest to the originals that they, like their portraits, might take no harm from associations which now they probably would regard with sentiments of aversion and even of horror: indeed, much of mutual benefit might be derived from very many persons coming into contact one with another, who now stand sternly apart; and certainly, very many persons might confer most important benefits, even though they received nothing more than a fresh lesson in experience, through occasional association with both classes and individuals that now are absolutely unknown by them.

We cannot take leave, for a time, of these most interesting photographs, without adverting to the skilful manner in which albums and other receptacles for the portraits have been produced. The novelty of the arrangements for introducing the cards, and the felicitous manner in which the portraits are at once displayed and preserved, merit the strongest commendation. These books and cases abound, in every variety of form and size, and style of embellishment. Like the stereoscope, at least one of them must find its way into every family circle; and, without doubt, both the stereoscope and the *cartes-de-visite* album will never cease to enjoy the hearty and cordial sympathy of every intelligent individual.

THE STATUES FOR THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

In the fourth report of the Fine Arts Commissioners a scheme was propounded for the distribution of the series of British sovereigns, which it was determined to add to the enrichments of the Houses of Parliament; but, as it has been found inexpedient to carry out the dispositions then resolved on, a committee, consisting of his Royal Highness the Prince Consort, Earl Stanhope, and Lord Llanover, was appointed to examine the available localities, and to decide on the places for the statues. The committee was also required to determine the height of the statues, and the material in which they should be executed; and now that the rooms, galleries, and landing-places appointed to receive them are all constructed, the dispositions will be much better understood than the former arrangement, which was made before the Houses were built.

This report begins by proposing that the series of British sovereigns, ending with the statue of Queen Victoria in the Princes' Chamber, should occupy the Royal Gallery, the Queen's Robing-Room, the principal landing-place of the staircase, with the adjoining Norman porch, and the lower landing-place of the same staircase. It is proposed that twelve statues be placed in the Royal Gallery in the following order—the statues of William IV. and George IV. at the sides of the doorway at the north end of the gallery, the statue of William IV. being on the east side of the doorway; those of George III., Anne, William III., and James II. on the east side of the gallery. Those of George II., George I., Mary II. (wife of William III.), and Charles II. on the west side. On each side of the doorway at the south end, Charles I. and James I., the former being on the east side. The arrangement thus far comprehends the sovereigns of the Houses of Brunswick and Stuart.

In the Queen's Robing-Room five statues are to be placed; those of Elizabeth and Mary, one on each side of the throne, the statue of Elizabeth being on the south side. On each side of the fire-place a statue—that of Henry VIII. on the south side, that of Henry VII. on the north; and in the centre of the south side, between the windows, the statue of Edward VI. These statues constitute the Tudor series. To the principal landing-place and the Norman porch adjoining sixteen statues are allotted; they are to be placed on the pedestals provided by the architect. These are Richard III., Edward V., Edward IV., Henry VI., Henry V., Henry IV., Richard II., Edward III., Edward II., Edward I., Henry III., John, Richard Cœur-de-Lion, Henry II., Stephen, and Henry I. On the lower landing-place it is intended to place, as representations of the Saxon and Norman lines, Edward the Confessor and Harold, William the Conqueror and William Rufus. The sixteen statues, from Henry I. to Richard III. are to be arranged as follows—that of Henry I. at the head of the staircase on the north side, and the others disposed in chronological order along the north side, and so on round the walls, the statue of Henry V. being on the west side, at the head of the staircase, opposite that of Henry I. Henry VI. will be placed on the north-west side of the insulated clustered column in the centre; Edward IV. on the north-east side of the column; Edward V. on the south-east side of the column, and the statue of Richard III. on the south-west side of the same column. The Saxons and Normans on the lower-landing place will stand as follows—Edward the Confessor in the south-west angle, Harold in the south-east angle, William the

Conqueror in the north-west angle, and William Rufus in the north-east angle.

The number, therefore, of the statues thus provided for are thirty-eight, which are thus distributed—in the Princes' Chamber, one, that of the Queen, being the statue by Gibson, already placed there; in the Royal Gallery twelve; in the Queen's Robing-Room five; in the principal landing-place and Norman porch sixteen, and in the lower landing-place four. With respect to the height of the statues and the material in which they should be executed, the committee propose a stature not less than heroic—seven feet, subject to the consideration of the natural stature of the persons to be represented. The pedestals already in the gallery are not considered suitable for the proper display of the contemplated statues, therefore it is recommended that others be furnished. It is recommended that the sixteen statues on the principal landing-place and space adjoining, as well as the four others on the lower landing-place, should, on account of their position and their more decorative character, be of metal, and not more than five feet ten inches in height; for these, the pedestals already placed would suffice. For the marble statues in the Royal Gallery and in the Robing Room, £800 each is the price fixed. For the metal statues no price is fixed, as that must depend on the manner of their execution; it is, however, recommended that, having been carefully modelled, they be produced in metal by the electrolyte process; and finally it is recommended that William Theed be invited to undertake two of the marble statues proposed to be placed in the Royal Gallery—those of William IV. and George IV.—on the conditions respecting price, material, dimensions, and place before specified, and that Thomas Thornycroft be invited to undertake other two of the statues proposed for that locality—those of Charles I. and James I.—on corresponding conditions. Cromwell is not admitted into the kingly series—though some member of the House of Commons raised his voice in favour of the Protector.

The persons of all our sovereigns are well known back to Henry VII.; our conceptions of him are somewhat misty, but all beyond is positively obscure. It is well for many reasons, but especially for the sake of Art, that the Houses of Parliament were not burnt down fifty years before the conflagration actually took place—nothing could have prevented the sculptors of that day from presenting all our kings as demigods, heroes, and Cæsars. If Dr. Johnson was entitled at the hands of Bacon to be reproduced in St. Paul's as a brother of the Farnese Hercules, the same spirit would have bequeathed us Charles II. as Bacchus, and William III. as Mars, in preference to intelligible portrait statues. The whole of the figures, therefore, of the kings anterior to Henry VII. will be imaginary, and therefore by no means so interesting as those of the Tudor and the subsequent lines; but as there is ample authority for arriving at the fashions of the costume of the early kings, this, at least, will be correct; and there are certain data for the persons of some of the subjects; but such descriptions as would assist the artist in modelling the person would be of little use for the head and features. In these cases the sculptors will not fall into the infirmity of making the subjects too like the life—a phrase which in Art has a strong signification; and it is to be deprecated that those with whose passions and features we are so well acquainted should be made too like. Our idea, for instance, of James I. may be met and respectively supported without making him a driveller.

We have given the names of two sculptors who are appointed to initiate the series—behind them there is yet a list of men of talent, who it is to be hoped will participate in the work.

THE PILGRIMS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY THE REV. EDWARD L. CUTTS, B.A.

PART I.

THE fashion of going on pilgrimage seems to have sprung up in the fourth century. The first object of pilgrimage was the Holy Land. Jerome said, at the outset, the most powerful thing which can be said against it, viz.: that the way to heaven is as short from Britain as from Jerusalem—a consolatory reflection to those who were obliged, or who preferred, to stay at home; but it did not succeed in quenching the zeal of those many thousands who desired to see, with their own eyes, the places which had been hallowed by the presence and the deeds of their Lord—to tread, with their own footsteps,—

“Those holy fields
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,
Which eighteen hundred years ago were nailed
For our advantage on the bitter cross;”

to kneel down and pray for pardon for their sins upon that very spot where the Great Sacrifice for sin was actually offered up; to stand upon the summit of Mount Olivet, and gaze up into that very pathway through the sky by which He ascended to his kingdom in Heaven.

We should, however, open up too wide a field if we were to enter into the subject of the early pil-



TWO DISCIPLES AT EMMAUS. (Nero, C. iv. 13th century.)

grims to the Holy Land: to trace their route from Britain, usually *via* Rome, by sea and land; to describe how a pilgrim passenger-traffic sprung up, of which adventurous ship-owners took advantage; how hospitals were founded here and there along the road to give refuge to the weary pilgrims, until they reached the Hospital *par excellence*, which stood beside the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; how the Order of the Knights of the Temple was founded to escort the caravans of pilgrims from one to another of the holy places, and protect them from marauding Saracens and Arabs. This part of the subject of pilgrimage, involving the history of the Crusades, would occupy too much of our space here, and besides is sufficiently familiar to the general reader. We cannot, indeed, omit some reference to the Holy Land pilgrimages; but our special object is to give a sketch of the less known portion of the subject, which relates to the pilgrimages which sprung up in after times, when the veneration for the holy places had extended to the shrines of saints, and when, at length, veneration had run wild into the grossest superstition, and crowds of sane men and women flocked to relic worship, which would be ludicrous, if they were not so pitiable and humiliating. This part of the subject forms a chapter in the history of the manners of the middle ages, which is little known to any but the antiquarian student, but which is an important chapter to all who desire thoroughly to understand what were the modes of thought, and habits of life, of our English forefathers in the middle ages.

* King Henry IV. Pt. I.; Act I. Sc. 7.

The most usual foreign pilgrimages were to the Holy Land, the scene of our Lord's earthly life; to Rome, the centre of western Christianity; and to the shrine of St. James at Compostella.*

The number of pilgrims to these places must have been comparatively limited; for a man who had any regular business or profession, could not well undertake so long an absence from home. The rich of no occupation could afford the leisure and the cost; and the poor who chose to abandon their lawful occupation, could make these pilgrimages at the cost of others; for the pilgrim was sure of entertainment at every hospital, or monastery, or priory, probably at every parish priest's, and every gentleman's hall, on his way; and there were not a few poor men and women who indulged a vagabond humour in a pilgrim's life. The poor pilgrim repaid his entertainer's hospitality by bringing the news of the countries through which he had passed, and by amusing the household after supper with marvellous saintly legends, and traveller's tales. He raised a little money for his inevitable travelling expenses, by retailing holy trifles and curiosities, such as were sold wholesale at all the shrines frequented by pilgrims, and which were usually supposed to have some saintly efficacy attached to them. Sometimes the pilgrim would take a bolder flight, and carry with him some fragment of a relic—a joint of a bone, or a pinch of dust, or a nail-paring, or a couple of hairs of the saint, or a rag of his clothing; and the people gladly paid the pilgrim for thus bringing to their doors some of the advantages of the holy shrines which he had visited. Thus Chaucer's Pardoner—"That strait was comen from the Court of Rome"—

"In his mail he had a pilweber,†
Which as he saide was oure Lady's vell:
He said he had a gobbet of the sail
Thatte St. Peter had whan that he went
Upon the sea, till Jesu Christ him bent;
He had a crois of laton full of stones;‡
And in a glass he hadde pigges bones.¶
But with these relics whanne that he fond
A poure parson dwelling upon lond;
Upon a day he gat him more monie
Than that the parson gat in monethes twele.
And thus with feined flattering and japes,
He made the parson and the people his apes."

But those who could not spare time or money to go to Jerusalem, or Rome, or Compostella, could spare both for a shorter expedition; and pilgrimages to English shrines appear to have been very common. By far the most popular of our English pilgrimages was to the shrine of St. Thomas-à-Becket, at Canterbury, and it was popular not only in England, but all over Europe. The one which stood next in popular estimation, was the pilgrimage to Our Lady of Walsingham. But nearly every cathedral and great monastery, and many a parish church besides, had its famous saint to whom the people resorted. There was St. Cuthbert at Durham, and St. William at York, and little St. William at Norwich, and St. Hugh at Lincoln, and St. Edward Confessor at Westminster, and St. Erkenwald in the cathedral of London, and St. Wulstan at Worcester, and St. Swithin, at Winchester, and St. Edmund at Bury, and SS. Etheldreda and Withburga at Ely, and many more, whose remains were esteemed holy relics, and whose shrines were frequented by the devout. Some came to pray at the tomb for the intercession of the saint in their behalf; or to seek the cure of disease by the touch of the relic; or to offer up thanks for deliverance believed to have been vouchsafed in time of peril through the saint's prayers; or to obtain the number of days pardon, —i.e. of remission of their time in purgatory—offered to those who should pray at the tomb. Then there were famous roods, the Rood of Chester and of Bromholme; and statues of the Virgin, as Our Lady of Wiladen, and of Boxley, and of this, that, and the other place. There were scores of holy wells besides, under saintly invocations, of which St. Winifred's well with her chapel over it still remains an excellent example.**

* At the marriage of our Edward I. in 1254, with Leonora, sister of Alonzo of Castile, a protection to English pilgrims was stipulated for, but they came in such numbers as to alarm the French, and difficulties were thrown in the way. In the fifteenth century, Rymer mentions 916 licences to make the pilgrimage to Santiago granted in 1428, and 2,460 in 1434.

† Wallet.

‡ Called, or took.

§ i.e. Latten (a kind of bronze) set with (mock) precious stones.

¶ Pretending them to be relics of some saint.

** See "Archæological Journal," vol. iii. p. 149.

Some of these were springs of medicinal water, and were doubtless of some efficacy in the cures for which they were noted; in others a saint had baptized his converts; others had simply afforded water to a saint in his neighbouring cell.*

Before any man went on pilgrimage, he first went to his church, and received the Church's blessing on his pious enterprise, and her prayers for his good success and safe return. The office of pilgrims (*officium peregrinorum*) may be found in the old service-books. We give a few notes of it from a Sarum missal, date 1554, in the British Museum.† The pilgrim is previously to have confessed. At the opening of the service he lies prostrate before the altar, while the priest and choir sing over him certain appropriate psalms, viz., the 24th, 50th, and 90th. Then follow some versicles, and three collects, for safety, &c., in which the pilgrim is mentioned by name, "thy servant, N." Then he rises, and there follows the benediction of his scrip and staff; and the priest sprinkles the scrip with holy water, and places it on the neck of the pilgrim, saying, "In the name of, &c., take this scrip, the habit of your pilgrimage, that, corrected and saved, you may be worthy to reach the thresholds of the saints to which you desire to go, and, your journey done, may return to us in safety." Then the priest delivers the staff, saying, "Take this staff, the support of your journey, and of the labour of your pilgrimage, that you may be able to conquer all the bands of the enemy, and to come safely to the threshold of the saints to which you desire to go, and, your journey obediently performed, may return to us with joy."

If any one of the pilgrims present is going to Jerusalem, he is to bring a habit signed with the cross, and the priest here blesses it:—"... we pray that Thou wilt vouchsafe to bless this cross, that the banner of the sacred cross, whose figure is signed upon him, may be to Thy servant an invincible strength against the evil temptations of the old enemy, a defence by the way, a protection in Thy house, and may be to us everywhere a guard, through our Lord, &c." Then he sprinkles the habit with holy water, and gives it to the pilgrim, saying, "Take this habit, signed with the cross of the Lord our Saviour, that by it you may come safely to his sepulchre, who, with the Father," &c. Then follows mass; and after mass, certain prayers over the pilgrims, prostrate at the altar; then, "let them communicate, and so depart in the name of the Lord." The service runs in the plural, as if there were usually a number of pilgrims to be despatched together.

There was a certain costume appropriate to the pilgrim, which old writers speak of under the title of pilgrims' weeds; the illustrations of this paper will give examples of it. It consisted of a robe and hat, a staff and scrip. The robe, called *scelavina* by Du Cange and other writers, is said to have been



LYDGATE'S PILGRIM.

always of wool, and sometimes of shaggy stuff, like that represented in the accompanying woodcut of

* Mr. Taylor, in his edition of "Blomfield's Norfolk," enumerates no less than seventy places of pilgrimage in Norfolk alone.

† Marked 3395 d. 4to.

the latter part of the fourteenth century, from the Harleian MS.,* 4826. It seems intended to represent St. John Baptist's robe of camel's hair. Its colour does not appear in the illuminations, but old writers speak of it as grey. The hat seems to be commonly a round hat, of felt, and, apparently, does not differ from the hats which travellers not uncommonly wore over their hoods in those days.

The pilgrim who was sent on pilgrimage as a penance seems usually to have been ordered to go barefoot, and probably many others voluntarily inflicted this hardship upon themselves in order to heighten the merit and efficacy of their good deed. They often also made a vow not to cut the hair or beard until the pilgrimage had been accomplished. But the special insignia of a pilgrim were the staff and scrip. In the religious service with which the pilgrims initiated their journey, we have seen that the staff and scrip are the only insignia mentioned, except in the case of one going to the Holy Land, who has a robe signed with the cross; the staff and the scrip, we have seen, were specially blessed by the priest, and the pilgrim formally invested with them by his hands.

The staff was not of an invariable shape. On a fourteenth century grave-stone at Haltwhistle, Northumberland, it is like a rather long walking-stick, with a natural knob at the top. In the cut



FROM ERASMUS'S "PRAISE OF FOLLY."

from Erasmus's "Praise of Folly," which forms the frontispiece of Mr. Nichols' "Pilgrimages of Canterbury and Walsingham," it is a similar walking-stick; but, usually, it was a long staff, some five, six, or seven feet long, turned in the lathe, with a knob at the top, and another about a foot lower down. Sometimes, a little below the lower knob, there is a hook or a staple, to which we occasionally find a water-bottle or a small bundle attached. Sir John Hawkins tells us,† that the staff was sometimes hollowed out into a kind of flute, on which the pilgrim could play. The same kind of staff we find in illuminated MSS. in the hands of beggars and shepherds, as well as pilgrims.

The scrip was a small bag, slung at the side by a cord over the shoulder, to contain the pilgrim's few necessities. Sometimes it was made of leather; but probably the material varied according to the taste and wealth of the pilgrim. We find it of different shape and size in different examples. In the monumental effigy of a pilgrim of rank, at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, the scrip is rather long, widest at bottom, and is ornamented with three tassels at the bottom, something like the bag in which the Lord Chancellor carries the great seal, and it has scallop shells fixed upon its front. In the grave-stone of a knight at Haltwhistle, already alluded to, the knight's arms, sculptured upon the shield on one side of his grave cross, are a *fess* between three *garbs* (i. e. wheat-sheaves); and a *garb* is represented upon his scrip, which is square and otherwise plain. The tomb of Abbot Chillingham, at Tewkesbury, has the pilgrim's staff and scrip sculptured upon it as an architectural ornament; the scrip is like the mediæval purse, with a scallop shell on the front of it.‡ The pil-

grim is sometimes represented with a bottle, often with a rosary, and sometimes with other conveniences for travelling or helps to devotion. There is a very good example in Hans Burgmaier's "Images de Saints, &c., de la Famille de l'Emp. Maximilian I." fol. 112, an engraving of which will be given in the sequel to this paper.

But though the conventional pilgrim is always represented with robe, and hat, and staff, and scrip, the actual pilgrim seems sometimes to have dispensed with some, if not with all, of these insignia. For example, Chaucer minutely describes the costume of the principal personages in his company of Canterbury Pilgrims, and he not only does not describe what would have been so marked and picturesque features in their appearance, but his description seems to preclude the pilgrim's robe and hood. His knight is described in the ordinary jupon,

"Of fustian he wored a jupon."

And the squire—

"Short was his gowne with sleeves long and wide."

And the yeoman—

"Was clad in cote and hood of green."

And the serjeant of the law—

"Rode but homely in a medlee cote,
Girt with a scut* of silk with barres small."

The merchant was in motley—

"And on his hed a Flaundrish bever hat."

And so with all the rest, they are clearly described in the ordinary dress of their class, which the pilgrim's robe would have concealed.

It seems very doubtful whether they even bore the especial insignia of staff and scrip. Perhaps when men and women went their pilgrimage on horseback, they did not go through the mere form of carrying a long walking-staff. The equestrian pilgrim, of whom we shall give a woodcut hereafter, though he is very correctly habited in robe and hat, with pilgrim signs on each, and his rosary round his neck, does not carry the bourdon. The only trace of pilgrim costume about Chaucer's pilgrims, is in the Pardoner, "A vernicle hadde he sewed in his cappe," but that was a sign of a former pilgrimage to Rome; and it is enough to prove—if proof were needed—that Chaucer did not forget to clothe his personages in pilgrim weeds, but that they did not wear them.

But besides the ordinary insignia of pilgrimage, every pilgrim had its special signs, which the pilgrim on his return wore conspicuously upon his hat, his scrip, or hanging round his neck, in token that he had accomplished that particular pilgrimage. The pilgrim who had made a long pilgrimage, paying his devotions at every shrine in his way, might come back as thickly decorated with signs as a modern soldier, who has been through a stirring campaign, is with medals and clasps.

The pilgrim to the Holy Land had this distinction above all others, that he wore a special sign from the very hour that he took the vow upon him to make that most honourable pilgrimage. This sign was a cross, formed of two strips of coloured cloth sewn upon the shoulder of the robe; the English pilgrim wore the cross of white, the French of red, the Flemish of green. Some, in their fierce earnestness, had the sacred sign cut into their flesh; in the romance of "Sir Isumbras," we read—

"With a sharpe knyfe he share
A cross upon his shoulder bare."

Others had it branded upon them with a hot iron; one pilgrim in the "Mirac. de S. Thomæ of Abbot Benedict" gives the obvious reason, that though his clothes should be torn away, no one should be able to tear the cross from his heart. At the end, however, of the *Officium peregrinorum*, which we have described, we find a rubric calling attention to the fact, that burning the cross in the flesh is forbidden by the canon law on pain of the greater excommunication; the prohibition is proof enough that at one time it was a not uncommon practice. But when the pilgrim reached the Holy Land, and had visited the usual round of the holy places, he became entitled to wear the palm in token of his accomplishment of that great pilgrimage; and from

this badge he derived the name of Palmer. How the palm was borne does not quite certainly appear; some say that it was a branch of palm, which the returning pilgrim bore in his hand or affixed to the top of his staff; * but probably in the general case it was in the shape of sprigs of palm sewn crosswise upon the cap and scrip.

The Roman pilgrimage seems always to have ranked next in popular estimation to that of the Holy Land; and with reason, for Rome was then the great centre of the religion and the civilization of western Christendom. The plenary indulgence which Boniface VIII. published in 1300, to all who should make the Jubilee pilgrimage to Rome, no doubt had its effect in popularizing this pilgrimage *ad limina apostolorum*. Two hundred thousand pilgrims, it is said, visited Rome in one month during the first Jubilee; and succeeding popes shortened the interval between these great spiritual fairs, first to fifty, then to thirty-three, and lastly to twenty-five years. The pilgrim to Rome doubtless visited many shrines in that great Christian capital, and was entitled to wear as many signs; but the great signs of the Roman pilgrimage were a badge with the effigies of St. Peter and St. Paul, and the cross-keys, and the vernicle. Concerning the first, there is a grant from Innocent III. to the arch-priest and canons of St. Peter's at Rome,† which confirms to them (or to those to whom they shall concede it) the right to east and to sell the lead or pewter signs, bearing the effigies of the Apostles Peter and Paul, with which those who have visited their threshold decorate themselves for the increase of their devotion and a testimony of their pilgrimage. Dr. Rock says‡ "that a friend of his has one of these Roman pilgrim signs, which was dug up at Launde Abbey, Leicestershire. It is of copper, in the shape of a quatrefoil, one and three-quarter inches in diameter, and has the cross-keys on one side, the other side being plain. An equestrian pilgrim represented in Hans Burgmaier's "Der Weise Koenige," seems to bear on his cloak and his hat the cross-keys. The vernicle was the kerchief of Veronica, with which, said a very popular legend, she wiped the brow of the Saviour, when he fainted under his cross in the Via Dolorosa, and which was found to have had miraculously transferred to it an imprint of the sacred countenance. Chaucer's Pardoner, as we have already seen—"Strait was comen from the Court of Rome," and, therefore, "a vernicle had he sewed upon his cap."

The sign of the Compostella pilgrimage was the scallop shell. The legend which the old Spanish writers give in explanation of the badge, is this: when the body of the saint was being miraculously conveyed in a ship without sails or oars, from Joppa to Galicia, it passed the village of Bonzas on the coast of Portugal, on the day that a marriage had been celebrated there. The bridegroom with his friends were amusing themselves on horseback on the sands, when his horse became unmanageable and plunged into the sea; whereupon the miraculous ship stopped in its voyage, and presently the bridegroom emerged, horse and man, close beside it. A conversation ensued between the knight and the saint's disciples on board, in which they apprized him that it was the saint who had saved him from a watery grave, and explained the Christian religion to him. He believed, and was baptized there and then. And immediately the ship resumed its voyage, and the knight came galloping back over the sea to rejoin his astonished friends. He told them all that had happened, and they too were converted, and the knight baptized his bride with his own hand. Now, when the knight emerged from the sea, both his dress and the trappings of his horse were covered with scallop shells; and, therefore, the Galicians took the scallop shell as the sign of St. James. The legend is found represented in churches dedicated to St. James, and in ancient illuminated MSS.§ The scallop shell is not unfre-

* British Museum.

† "History of Music."

‡ Grove's "Gloucestershire," pl. ivii.

* Girdle.

* One of the two pilgrims in our first cut carries a palm branch in his hand; it represents the two disciples at Emmaus, who were returning from Jerusalem.

† Innocent III., Epist. 236, lib. i., t. c. p. 306, ed. Baluzio. (Dr. Rock's "Church of our Fathers.")

‡ "Church of our Fathers," vol. iii. p. 438, note.

§ "Anales de Galicia," vol. i. p. 95. Southey's "Pilgrim to Compostella."

quently found in armorial bearings. It is hardly probable that it would be given to a man merely because he had made the common pilgrimage to Compostella; perhaps it was earned by service under the banner of Santiago, against the Moors in the Spanish crusades. The Popes Alexander III., Gregory IX., and Clement V., granted a faculty to the Archbishops of Compostella, to excommunicate those who sell these shells to pilgrims anywhere except in the city of Santiago, and they assign this reason, because the shells are the badge of the Apostle Santiago.* The badge was not always an actual shell, but sometimes a jewel made in the shape of a scallop shell. In the "Journal of the Archaeological Association," iii. 126, is a woodcut of a scallop shell of silver gilt, with a circular piece of jet set in the middle, on which is carved an equestrian figure of Santiago.

The chief sign of the Canterbury pilgrimage was an ampul (ampulla, a flask); we are told all about its origin and meaning by Abbot Benedict, who wrote a book on the miracles of St. Thomas.† The monks had carefully collected from the pavement the blood of the martyr which had been shed upon it, and preserved it as one of the precious relics. A sick lady who visited the shrine, begged for a drop of this blood as a medicine; it worked a miraculous cure, and the fame of the miracle spread far and wide, and future pilgrims were not satisfied unless they too might be permitted the same high privilege. A drop of it used to be mixed with a chalice full of water, that the colour and flavour might not offend the senses, and they were allowed to taste of it. It wrought, says the abbot, miraculous cures; and so, not only vast crowds came to take this strange and unheard-of medicine, but those who came were anxious to take some of it home for their sick friends and neighbours. At first they put it into wooden vessels, but these were split by the liquid; and many of the fragments of these vessels were hung up about the martyr's tomb in token of this wonder. At last it came into the head of a certain young man to cast little flasks—ampullæ—of lead and pewter. And then the miracle of the breaking ceased, and they knew that it was the Divine will that the Canterbury medicine should be carried in these ampullæ throughout the world, and that these ampullæ should be recognised by all the world as the sign of this pilgrimage and these wonderful cures. At first the pilgrims had carried the wooden vases concealed under their clothes; but these ampullæ were carried suspended round the neck, and when the pilgrims reached home, says another authority,‡ they hung these ampullæ



THE CANTEBURY AMPULLA.

in their churches for sacred relics, that the glory of the blessed martyr might be known throughout the world. Some of these curious relics still exist. They are thin, flat on one side, and slightly rounded on the other, with two little ears or loops through which a cord might be passed to suspend them.

* "Annales de Galice," vol. i. p. 96, quoted by Southey, "Pilgrim to Compostella."
† Dr. Rock's "Church of our Fathers," iii. 424.
‡ Vita S. Thomæ and Willelmi, folio Stephani, ed. Giles, i. 312.

The mouth might have been closed by solder, or even by folding over the edges of the metal. There is a little flask figured in Gardner's "History of Dunwich," pl. iii., which has a T upon the side of it, and which, may very probably have been one of these ampullæ. But one of a much more elaborate and interesting type is here engraved, from an example preserved in the museum at York. The principal figure is a somewhat stern representation of the blessed archbishop; above is a rude representation of his shrine; and round the margin is the rhyming legend—"Optimus egrorum: Medicus fit Thoma bonorum" (Thomas is the best physician for the pious sick). On the reverse of the ampul is a design whose intention is not very clear, two monks or priests are apparently saying some service out of a book, and one of them is laying down a pastoral staff; perhaps it represents the shrine with its attendants. From the style of Art, this ampul may be of the early part of the thirteenth century. But though this ampul is clearly designated by the monkish writers, whom we have quoted, as the special sign of the Canterbury pilgrimage, there was another sign which seems to have been peculiar to it, and that is a bell. Whether these bells were hand-bells, which the pilgrims carried in their hands, and rang from time to time, or whether they were little bells like hawk's bells, fastened to their dresses—as such bells sometimes were to a canon's cope—does not certainly appear. W. Thorpe, in the passage hereafter quoted at length from Fox, speaks of "the noise of their singing, and the sound of their piping, and the jangling of their Canterbury bells," as a body of pilgrims passed through a town. One of the prettiest of our wild-flowers, the *Campanula rotundifolia*, which has clusters of blue, bell-like flowers, has obtained the common name of Canterbury Bells. There were other religious trinkets also sold and used by pilgrims as mementoes of their visit to the famous shrine. The most common of them seems to have been the head of St. Thomas,* cast in various ornamental devices, in silver or pewter; sometimes it was adapted to hang to a rosary,† more usually, in the examples which remain to us, it was made into a brooch to be fastened upon the cap or hood, or dress. In Mr. C. R. Smith's "Collectanea Antiqua," vol. i. pl. 31, 32, 33, and vol. ii., pl. 16, 17, 18, there are representations of no less than fifty-one English and foreign pilgrims' signs, of which a considerable proportion are heads of St. Thomas. The whole collection is very curious and interesting.‡

The ampul was not confined to St. Thomas of Canterbury. When his ampullæ became so very popular, the guardians of the other famous shrines adopted it, and manufactured "waters," "aque reliquiarum," of their own. The relic of the saint, which they were so fortunate as to possess, was washed with or dipped in holy water, which was thereupon supposed to possess—diluted—the virtues of the relic itself. Thus there was a "Durham water," being the water in which the incorruptible body of St. Cuthbert had been washed at its last exposure; and Reginald of Durham, in his book on the admirable virtues of the blessed Cuthbert,§ tells us how it used to be carried away in ampuls, and mentions a special example in which a little of this pleasant medicine poured into the mouth of a sick man, cured him on the spot. The same old writer tells us how the water held in a bowl that once belonged to Editha, queen and saint, and in which a little bit of rag, which had once formed part of St. Cuthbert's garments, was then soaked, acquired from these two relics so much virtue that it brought back health and strength to a dying clerk who drank it. In Gardner's "History of Dunwich" (pl. iii.) we find drawings of ampullæ like those of St. Thomas, one of which has upon its front a W surmounted by a crown, which it is conjectured may be the pilgrim sign of Our Lady of Walsingham, and contained, perhaps, water from the holy wells at Walsingham,

* The veneration of the times was concentrated upon the blessed head which suffered the stroke of martyrdom; it was exhibited at the shrine and kissed by the pilgrims; there was an abbey in Derbyshire dedicated to the Beauchief (beautiful head), and still called Beauchief Abbey.

† The late T. Caldecot, Esq., of Darford, possessed one of these.

‡ A very beautiful little pilgrim sign of lead found at Winchester, is engraved in the "Journal of the British Archaeological Association," No. 32, p. 363.

§ Dr. Rock's "Church of our Fathers," vol. iii., p. 430.

hereinafter described. Another has an R surmounted by one of the symbols of the Blessed Virgin, a lily in a pot; the author hazards a conjecture that it may be the sign of St. Richard of Chichester. The pilgrim who brought away one of these flasks of medicine, or one of these blessed relics, preserved it carefully in his house for use in time of sickness, and would often be applied to by a sick neighbour for the gift of a portion of the precious fluid out of his ampul, or for a touch of the trinket which had touched the saint. In the "Collectanea Antiqua," is a facsimile of a piece of paper bearing a rude woodcut of the adoration of the Magi, and an inscription setting forth that "Ces billets ont touché aux trois testes de saints Rois a Cologne: ils sont pour les voyageurs contre les malheurs des chemins, maux de teste, mal caduque, fièvres, sorcellerie, toute sorte de malefice, et morte subite." It was found upon the person of one William Jackson, who having been sentenced for murder in June 1748-9, was found dead in prison a few hours before the time of his execution. It was the charmed billet, doubtless, which preserved him from the more ignominious death.

We find a description of a pilgrim in full costume, and decorated with signs, in Piers Ploughman's vision; he was apparelled—

"In pilgrym's wise.
He bar a burdoun y-bounde
With a brood late,
In a withwilde-wise
Y-wounden aboute;
A bolle† and a bagge
He bar by his side,
And hundred of ampulles;
On his hat seten
Signes of Synay‡
And shells of Galice,§
And many a crouche|| on his cloke,
And keys of Rome,
And the vernicle before,
For men sholde knowe
And se bi his signes,
Whom he sought halde.
This folk prayed¶ hym first
Fro whennes he came?
"Fram Syny," he seide,
"And fram our Lordes Sepulchre;
In Bethlem and in Babiloyne
I have ben in bothe;
In Armonyne** and Alesandre,
In many other places.
Ye may se by my signes,
That setten in my hatte
That I have walked ful wide
In weet and in drye,
And sought good seintes
For my soules helthe."

The little bit of satire, for the sake of which this model pilgrim is introduced, is too telling—especially after the wretched superstitions which we have been noticing—to be omitted here. "Knowest thou," asks the Ploughman—

"Knowest thou aught a cer-saint††
That men calle Truthe?
Kondest thou aught wete†† us the way
Where that wight dwelleth?
"Nay," replies the much-travelled pilgrim,
"Nay, so me God helpe,
I seigh|| nevere palmere
With pyke and with scrippe
Ask after hym, er|||
Til now in this place."

* Fosbroke has fallen into the error of calling this a burden bound to the pilgrim's back with a list: it is the bourdon, the pilgrim's staff, round which a list, a long narrow strip of cloth, was wound cross-wise. We do not elsewhere meet with this list round the staff, and it does not appear what was its use or meaning. We may call to mind the list wound cross-wise round a barber's poll, and imagine that this list was attached to the pilgrim's staff for use, or we may remember that a vexillum, or banner, is often affixed to a bishop's staff, and that a long, narrow riband attached to a bishop's staff, and which is placed in our Saviour's hand in mediæval representations of the Resurrection. See the staff in our second cut.

† Fosbroke, and Wright, and Dr. Rock, all understand this to be a bowl. Was it a bottle to carry drink shaped something like a gourd, such as we not unfrequently find hung on the hook of a shepherd's staff in pictures of the annunciation to the shepherds, and such as the pilgrim from Erasmus's "Praise of Folly," bears on his back?

‡ Sinal.
§ Galice—Compostella in Galicia.

|| Cross.

¶ Asked. People ask him first of all from whence he is come.

** Armenia.

†† Holy body, object of pilgrimage.

‡‡ Tell us.

§§ Saw.

||| Ere—ever.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The recent death, in this city, of M. Aguado, Marquis de las Murismas del Guadalquivir, is much regretted in Art circles. He was the eldest son of the Spanish banker, who negotiated some years back the Spanish loan. This celebrated financier was immensely rich, and had a gallery of Spanish paintings which he prized highly, but they were sold at his death far below their estimated value. A considerable number of these pictures were engraved and published, about twenty years ago, under the title of "The Aguado Gallery": an extended notice of the work, with a specimen of the engravings, appeared in the *Art-Journal* in the year 1846. The late M. Aguado was a great amateur of photography, and produced some excellent specimens; he had a large atelier at the top of his house in the *Place Vendôme*, and expended large sums on the art; the produce of the sale he gave away for charitable purposes.—The *Moniteur* of the 28th August says, "The Emperor has purchased that part of the Palatine Hill at Rome, called the Farnese Gardens, which belonged to the ex-King of Naples." This portion of the celebrated locality is the most considerable. In the grounds purchased are the famous ruins of the Temple of the Cæsars, of which two stories have been encumbered with rubbish and ruins for centuries: they are expected to contain statues, and other Art-works of high interest. M. Pietro Rosa has been named conservator of the palace, and director of the explorations: he is author of an archaeological and topographical map of Latium. The works will be begun seriously and extensively in November next.—At a meeting of the *Institute*, the Marquis de Rougé read a paper on the excavations now making in Egypt, by order of the Viceroy; which have produced very interesting results. This gentleman, aided by M. Mariette, has been able to decipher many documents throwing light on the invasions of the wandering tribes of Asia: this people, who chose for their capital a town named Ha-Ouar, and who are represented as devastating barbarians, in the course of time found themselves absorbed by the superior civilization of the conquered people. This is the first point established by the new discoveries. The second relates to the history of Totmes III., called by some of the learned, Meris-Toutmosis. On a basso-relievo found at Karnak, are represented processions of one hundred and thirty vanquished nations. On another stone is engraved an address from the Theban deity, Ammon-Ra to the conqueror. M. de Rougé, after having examined several rolls of papyrus, states that long before Moses, the Egyptians had sacred hymns, epic poems, treatises on morality, and even novels.—Notwithstanding the death of M. Lassus, architect of *Notre Dame*, the works in that cathedral are being carried on with spirit; the restorations will render this a most magnificent edifice.—A large number of cases have arrived at the School of Fine Arts from Rome; we shall give an account of them in our next.

ART IN SCOTLAND AND THE PROVINCES.

GLASGOW.—After a lapse of some years, this city is once more astir to collect a gallery of pictures for exhibition, and to establish an "Institute of the Fine Arts." A committee, of which the Lord Provost is chairman, and which includes the names of a considerable number of gentlemen distinguished by their wealth and position in Glasgow and its vicinity, has been organized, and the corporation has granted the use of the civic galleries, erected specially for the exhibition of paintings, to the society. In the circular sent out by the committee, it is stated that—"From the strong interest evinced by many of our most influential citizens in the success of this movement—the amount of money yearly invested by gentlemen of Glasgow and the west of Scotland in works of Art—the vast population of this city, numbering nearly half a million of inhabitants—the extensive operations of the Art-Union of Glasgow, whose annual drawing of prizes takes place in December, and which has since its commencement expended upwards of £50,000 on works of Art, added to the circumstance of there not having been any public exhibition of the Fine Arts in Glasgow for several years; it is expected that the forthcoming exhibition will not only prove eminently successful, but present a more than usually favourable opportunity to artists for the disposal of works of a high class." We are glad to see this movement, and have little doubt of the result under such auspices as those of the

gentlemen who have undertaken its direction. It is proposed to open the exhibition—of the works of living artists only—in the beginning of November, and to close it early in January, 1862. The time is therefore peculiarly opportune, as most of the other provincial galleries will then be closed, and pictures not otherwise appropriated, may be transferred from their respective localities to Glasgow. The time for receiving contributions at the gallery, Sauchiehall Street, is from the 21st of October to the 26th, both inclusive. Mr. J. A. Hutchison is secretary of the Institute.

BRIGHTON.—The Society of Artists in this town inaugurated—to adopt a somewhat meaningless word in common use—the opening of their new gallery in the Pavilion, by a banquet on the 3rd of last month. The chair was taken by the president of the society, Mr. Joseph Cordwell, and among the company were the Mayor of Brighton, Mr. Dodson, one of the county members, and Mr. White, one of the borough members, whose questionable remarks about Government Art-patronage, made at Plymouth some months ago, we have not forgotten: he spoke more advisedly and sensibly in the presence of a select audience of his Brighton constituents, complimenting the corporation for the liberal aid it had afforded towards the construction of the gallery, and expressing a hope that "the ratepayers would not begrudge a penny or twopenny in the pound, when they had the gratification of witnessing the efforts of artists to glorify their common nature in the productions of their own fellow-townsmen." The gallery in which the pictures are exhibited, consists of two apartments unoccupied for a long time; they are on the ground floor, and have been fitted up expressly for the purpose; one being set apart for oil-pictures, and the other for water-colour drawings: both are well-lighted, amply ventilated, and offer every accommodation for visitors. The local papers speak in favourable terms of the collection of works exhibited this year: we know not what they are, but from a list of exhibitors now before us, there is a marked absence of the leading London artists. Among the most prominent names are those of H. Warren, Leitch, Carl Werner, Bartholomew Weigall, Shaver, Gosling, Zeitter, J. Callow, J. Cole, Cobbett, Harrison Weir, Knell, Scanlan, and Mr. Oliver. The list is by no means a strong one, but with so many provincial exhibitions open at this season of the year, including those at Liverpool and Birmingham, much more could scarcely be expected, especially as it is probable that very many of the metropolitan painters are not fully aware of the advantages Brighton now offers for exhibiting their works. An Art-Union is being formed in connection with the Society.—The eighth report of the Science and Art Department gives the following information relative to the Brighton School of Art:—"The total number receiving instruction in drawing in or through the agency of the school during 1860 has been 1,459, showing a total increase of 602 since last year. This number includes 816 children of public schools, paying £30; 418 students of private schools, paying £79; 28 school-teachers and pupil-teachers, paying £6 17s. 6d.; and 197 students who have attended the central school, from whom £193 15s. 6d. has been received. The total amount of fees has been £309 13s., showing an increase of £10 15s. 9d. over the sum received last year. The attendance at the classes has been:—Day classes—61 students, who have paid 10s. per month, and an entrance fee of 6s.; total, £123 11s. Evening classes—136 students, who have paid from 6d. to 7s. a month, and 1s. to 4s. entrance fee. The amount of these fees has been £70 4s. 6d. One student has qualified himself for a prize-studentship, and has received a certificate. Thirteen local medals, 20 second grade rewards, and 43 first grade rewards have been obtained. The school has expended from its own funds, £14 5s. 6d., on account of examples, besides the local expenses for rent, cleaning, firing, lighting, printing, &c. The amount of aid afforded to the school by the Department, has been £72 10s. 7d., which sum includes the payments for the master's certificates and other allowances, the payments to Art pupil-teachers, also the grant on account of the children [of national and other public schools] who obtained rewards, aid in the purchase of examples, the cost of medals, &c."

WOLVERHAMPTON.—The annual meeting of the supporters of the School of Art in this town took place on September 2. The institution, we regret to find, is in such an unsatisfactory state, financially and numerically, that only the most unfavourable results can be anticipated. One of the local journals referring to the subject, says,—"We do not take upon ourselves to say that the end of the institution is already in view, but its end, we must declare, cannot be distant, unless by some means or other the people of Wolverhampton become convinced of the necessity of giving to it a

greatly enlarged amount of support. . . . We think, having at heart, as we hope we have, the true interests of our town, that the event was most humiliating, and particularly so when we reflect that the welfare of the place depends entirely on the prosperity of its manufacturers and its merchants, and that if the former cannot hold their own against their rivals in manufacturing art, assuredly the latter will soon stand at a great disadvantage—unless they remove their establishments to more favourable localities. The town at large, in the event of such a state of things coming to pass, must of necessity suffer. At the last annual meeting it appeared from the report that the school suffered from the want of support by subscriptions from the townspeople generally, rather than from the indifference of the class for whom such institutions have been established; but now the falling off appears to arise from the indifference of the very class whose benefit was contemplated, and we fear also from the indifference of the manufacturers themselves. . . . There is, we feel confident, something wrong in this; it shows, we fear, a lack of that intelligent perception which is one of the leading characteristics of the middle classes of the present day, and which renders them conspicuous for energy, talent, and enterprise amongst their rivals throughout the civilized world. The state of the school is once more plainly placed before the town and its neighbourhood. Its relinquishment, unless aid is promptly given, is a certainty: from this disgrace, however, we do hope we may be spared." Any comments of our own, after such remarks as these from a resident in the town, would be superfluous; they appear to be perfectly justified by the fact that the school is indebted to Mr. C. B. Mander, who holds—or rather did hold, for he has now resigned them in consequence of the position in which he is placed—the joint offices of honorary secretary and treasurer, in the sum of nearly £288, independently of another of £200, for which he had made himself responsible to the bank. Moreover, the committee has been compelled to accept a donation of £50 offered, and with most commendable liberality, by Mr. Mückley, head master of the school, to assist in meeting the expenses of the last sessional year. The number of pupils has diminished considerably, and, as a sequence, the amount of fees has proportionately decreased. In fact, unless some vigorous measures are adopted to revivify the institution, its destruction is inevitable.

BIRMINGHAM.—The exhibition of the Birmingham Society of Artists, is of unusual excellence this year: Landseer's 'Flood in the Highlands,' is there, and Millais' 'Spring Time,' and Leslie's 'Christ Teaching Humility,' and Solomon's 'Drowned! Drowned!' and Wallis's 'Dead Stone-breaker.' Ansell is represented by his 'Seville' and 'La Sante'; Herbert by a replica of his 'Brides of Venice'; D. Roberts by a picture of 'Edinburgh,' the property of Mr. Napier, M.P., and never exhibited; and Turner by two magnificent drawings, 'Bamborough Castle,' and 'Heidelberg.' Other well-known names which appear in the catalogue, are those of J. Phillip, R.A., A. Cooper, R.A., H. O'Neil, A.R.A., Buckner, Vicat Cole, Cobbett, Desanges, Duffield, J. Gilbert, Hemslay, Hulme, Holman Hunt, W. Hunt, Jutsum, W. H. Knight, Lance, Niemann, Syer, Weigall, and Wingfield.

BRISTOL.—An exhibition of industrial and ornamental Art has been recently opened in this city, the contributions to which are large, and of a rare and valuable order. It is held at the Fine Arts' Academy, in the Queen's Road, several rooms of which are filled with examples of furniture, pottery, metal-work, glass, jewellery, plate, enamels, bronzes, urns and armour, engravings, water-colour drawings, carvings, book-printing and binding, Egyptian antiquities, miniatures, &c. &c. We have not been able personally to inspect the exhibition, but from a very carefully compiled "Hand-book" to the contents, which has been forwarded to us, the selection of objects seems to have been made with judgment, and an appreciation of what would be really serviceable for the purposes of instruction. The proceeds of the exhibition are to be appropriated to the Bristol School of Art.

WINCHESTER.—The fine old tower of Winchester College Chapel, is said to be in an insecure state; so much so, that Mr. Butterfield, the architect, advises its being taken down and entirely rebuilt. A correspondent of the *Builder* asks if something cannot be done to remedy the evil without resorting to such an extremity.

JERSEY.—It is proposed to establish a School of Art in this island. A meeting, at which many of the principal inhabitants attended, was lately held in the Lyric Hall, St. Helier's. Dr. Henderson, president of the college, took the chair, and Mr. Sparkes, head-master of the Lambeth School, addressed the meeting on the object and management of Schools of Art.

OBITUARY.

MR. BENJAMIN WOODWARD.

On the 15th of May last, at Lyons, whither he had gone in search of such beneficial influences as might be obtained from its genial climate, died Benjamin Woodward, in the prime of life, a victim to consumption. Had he been spared to a prolonged life, what he has actually accomplished gives more than reasonable hope that he would have been recognised as the first of English, if not of European architects. Mr. Woodward, so honourably known as the junior partner in the firm of Deane and Woodward, of Dublin, has left as his fitting memorial, his great work, the new museum at Oxford—an edifice that knows no rival, and which will surely win for its lamented architect a becoming renown, as its own high character as a work of architectural art becomes more completely appreciated.

Mr. Woodward was pre-eminently an artist-architect. He was an enthusiast in his profession, and it is no trivial argument in support of the revived Gothic architecture of our day, that he was no less enthusiastic in his admiration and his love for that great style. In many respects Mr. Woodward reminded us of another able lover of the Gothic, the late Arthur Brandon, who died twelve years ago, at a still earlier period of a most promising career than Mr. Woodward himself. Both were men whom their profession could ill afford to spare, and of both the memory ought to be cherished as a precious heritage for those who follow them.

His delicate health prevented Mr. Woodward from such active labours as would have brought him prominently before the notice of the public; but those who saw his drawings in the exhibition of the competitive designs for the War and Foreign Offices in Westminster Hall, will not fail to remember their rare excellence, and they will accordingly understand what Mr. Woodward was able to produce; and so they will also be enabled suitably to mourn his loss. In the streets of London Mr. Woodward several years ago erected one building, which is eminently characteristic of his genius and his architectural feeling—we refer to the office of the "Crown" Assurance Company, in Bridge Street, Blackfriars.

We learn with much satisfaction that an influential committee has been already formed for the purpose of securing the erection of such a public memorial as may worthily commemorate Mr. Woodward. Amongst the names of this committee are those of Dean Liddell, of Christchurch, Mr. Street, and Mr. Holman Hunt. At present it would be premature to suggest any form for the proposed memorial, but we may at once declare our readiness to do all in our power to co-operate with the "Woodward Memorial Committee."

MR. JOHN FRANCIS.

Mr. Francis, who held a good position as a sculptor, died recently at the advanced age of eighty-one. He was a native of Lincoln, and became, at an early age, a farmer in that county, but with a natural talent in the direction which ultimately determined his career. His wife was a near relative of the great Lord Nelson. Early in life he became a pupil of Chantrey, and was subsequently introduced by the late Mr. Coke, of Norfolk, to the leading men of the Whig party, to whom he was, during the whole of his career, the special sculptor. He was a great favourite with William IV., and was patronised by the Duke of Sussex, the Dukes of Bedford, Norfolk, Sutherland, the Vernon family, and, generally speaking, others of the same political creed. The patronage of the late king was continued by her Majesty Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort. Mr. Francis lived to see his favourite pupils attain eminence. His daughter, Mrs. Thornycroft, is especially known by her admirable figures of the royal children and grandchildren, which are remarkable not only for the fidelity of the portraits, but also for artistic conception and execution. Mr. Thornycroft, her husband, is also known as a sculptor, whose aims are directed in the highest walks of his art. Joseph Durham and Matthew Noble, whose works are known far and wide, were also favourite pupils of Mr. Francis.

MR. THOMAS WITLAM ATKINSON.

We should accuse ourselves of a culpable neglect of duty, did we allow the death of this gentleman to pass without a brief record in our pages.

A remarkable man was Mr. Atkinson—one whose name will take a high rank among great English travellers. "He appears," says a notice of him in the *Builder*, "to have been either an ordinary mason or a carver, employed on the churches of the north." This in all probability led him to study architecture, and to the publication of a work on "Gothic Ornaments," the joint production of himself and another person of the same name, but not related to him. In process of time he commenced practice as an architect, and designed and superintended the erection of numerous buildings, public and private, especially in the midland counties, Manchester being for several years his head-quarters. In 1840, after some reverses, owing perhaps to a too liberal expenditure on works of Art, he was induced to quit Manchester. Arrived in London, he was not more fortunate, and he eventually got to Hamburg, where his designs for the church which Mr. Scott was afterwards appointed to build stood a good chance, from the clever execution of the large perspective views. . . . From Hamburg Atkinson got to Berlin, and lastly to St. Petersburg, where he abandoned architecture as a profession for the pursuits of a traveller and artist. It is from this point that our acquaintance with the labours of Mr. Atkinson commences. Furnished with letters from the Russian government, he started on a lengthened expedition into the most remote parts of Russia in Asia, including the Amoor River and the borders of Chinese Tartary. The difficulties, dangers, and deprivations he encountered on his travels would have deterred a man of less energy and perseverance than himself from proceeding; but he encountered and overcame all, returning eventually to England with a large store of geographical and geological information, and an immense number of valuable water-colour drawings, many of large size, the majority of which were entirely executed in the various localities. A selection of the most important of these was exhibited a few years ago at Messrs. Colnaghi's: a notice of them appeared in the *Art-Journal* at the time. The notes and observations made during the expedition were subsequently published in two volumes by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, with numerous illustrations. These books form a valuable addition to our standard geographical literature.

Mr. Atkinson, who was a fellow of the Geographical and Geological Societies, died in August last, at Lower Walmer, Kent, at the age of sixty-two. "One of his two surviving children," says the authority already referred to, "Miss Emma Wilshire Atkinson, is not unknown in the literary world, having written 'The Lives of the Queens of Prussia,' and a recent novel."

JOHANN DAVID PASSAVANT.

Our contemporary the *Athenæum* has reported the death of this well-known German writer on Art. "He died on the 12th of August, at Frankfurt, where he held the office of Director at the Hüdell Institution. Born in 1787, he attained his seventeenth year. Passavant had been destined for trade; but a long stay at Paris in 1810-13, where he made himself thoroughly acquainted with all the Art-treasures there, awoke in him the desire for a fuller understanding of Art. He began his studies at once, first under David, afterwards under Baron de Gros. At Rome he became acquainted with the young artists who gave a new impulse to German Art, and acquired fame in later years (Cornelius, Overbeck, &c.). He developed apologetically their principles in his 'Views on the Plastic Arts,' and he began to make a name for himself by his 'Designs for Grave Monuments.' But his reputation rests on his works of Art-history, especially on his 'Artistic Travel through England and Belgium,' and on his biographical work—'Raffaël of Urbino, and his father Giovanni Santi.' We hear that he has left valuable manuscripts." Passavant's knowledge of the works of the old Dutch and Flemish masters especially, justifies the favour with which his opinions and criticisms have been received: his remarks are frequently quoted by other writers on Art.

ECCE HOMO!

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE LOUVRE.
L. Morales, Painter. Maillefer, Engraver.

NUMERICALLY considered, the pictures in the Gallery of the Louvre have an immense superiority over those in our National Gallery. To the mere lounge, a stroll through those long, and seemingly interminable corridors, is wearisome enough; but it is more than this to the lover of Art, who desires to see what is really good: it is a task almost beyond endurance, to pick out the gold from among the comparative dross which meets observation on all sides. Here is the vast accumulation of ages, so to speak—the treasures and the rubbish acquired by conquest, by purchase, and by gifts; for the French government seem to have considered everything as "fish" which came into their nets. Some idea may be formed of the magnitude of the collection from a report furnished ten or twelve years ago by the then Director of the National Museums, M. Jeanron, and in which reference is made to the various catalogues of works contained in the Louvre, but which do not include a large number of canvases rolled up (*toiles roulées*). The most ancient is a catalogue of the first Royal Collection, arranged by Bailly, a volume, small folio size, dated 1722. The next in importance is a detailed catalogue, in eighteen volumes, large folio, made in the reign of the first Napoleon; it comprises a list of all the various objects of Art acquired by conquest since 1792; paintings, drawings, sculptures, gems, vases, cameos, &c. In addition to the enumeration, the name of the master, the title of the subject, the material, and dimensions, this catalogue contains the name of the place from which each object was taken, and its estimated value. But the most important of all is the general catalogue of the Royal Museums, arranged by the Civil List, after the law passed in 1832, and deposited in the Chambers; this consists of nineteen folio volumes, of which three are devoted to pictures, five to drawings and designs, two to sculptures, and the remainder to miscellaneous matters.

It would, of course, be quite unreasonable to expect that a museum of Art acquired, as this has been, almost without conditions as to excellence, and often without judgment and discrimination, should not have in it a very large preponderance of what is of indifferent quality, and much also of what is absolutely worthless, except as mere pictorial furniture. If our own National Gallery falls, as it does, infinitely below the Louvre in the number of works, there is absolutely nothing in it to which either of these terms can be justly applied. Still, the French collection includes many paintings bearing a world-wide reputation, some of the finest examples of the great masters of the European schools.

Of this class is the picture of the 'Ecce Homo' by Louis de Morales, who acquired the epithet of *El Divino*, from the sacred character and beautiful treatment of his subjects. He was born at Badajoz, in 1509, and died in 1586. Morales has always been ranked among the best painters of the Spanish school, in the peculiar style of art to which he attached himself. His largest works are in the churches and convents of his country, but his easel pictures, which are generally heads, or portions of the figure, of Christ, or of the Virgin, are found elsewhere, though not in abundance; very many ascribed to him are, undoubtedly, not true specimens. Though he is generally regarded as a painter of a contracted genius, and of barren invention, rarely venturing beyond the simple delineation of a head, it must be admitted that in this limited scope he has carried the art to a high state of perfection.

Intensity of anguish could scarcely be more truly and painfully depicted than in the picture engraved here: it is seen in the blood-stained forehead, in the half-closed eyes, in the parting lips, in the pale emaciated countenance; even the hands of the Saviour bear witness to his suffering and weakness, for they seem to hold but loosely the heavy burden under which he is sinking. The prophecy, "Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows," is assuredly expressed in this most touching composition.



LUIS MORALES.

MAILLEFER.

ECCE HOMO.

THE PICTURE IN THE GALLERY OF THE LOUVRE.

LONDON. JAMES S. VIRTUE.



THE HUDSON, FROM THE WILDERNESS TO THE SEA.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR.

PART XXI.

BETWEEN the Bloomingdale Road and the Hudson, and Seventy-third and Seventy-fourth Streets, is the New York Orphan Asylum, one of the noblest charities in the land. It is designed for the care and culture of little children without parents or other protectors. Here a home and refuge are found for little ones who have been cast upon the cold charities of the world. From one hundred and fifty to two hundred of these children of misfortune are there continually, with their physical, moral, intellectual, and spiritual wants supplied. Their home is a beautiful one. The building is of stone, and the grounds around it, sloping to the river, comprise about fifteen acres. This institution is the child of the "Society for the Relief of Poor Widows with Small Children," founded in 1806 by several benevolent ladies, among whom were the sainted Isabella Graham, Mrs. Hamilton, wife of the eminent General Alexander Hamilton, and Mrs. Joanna Bethune, daughter of Mrs. Graham. It is supported by private bequests and annual subscriptions.

There is a similar establishment, called the Leake and Watts Orphan House, situated above the New York Asylum, on One Hundred and Eleventh and One Hundred and Twelfth Streets, between the Ninth and Tenth Avenues. It is surrounded by twenty-six acres of land, owned by the institution. The building, which was first opened for the reception of orphans in 1842, is capable of accommodating about two hundred and fifty children. It was founded by John George Leake, who bequeathed a large sum for the purpose. His executor,



ORPHAN ASYLUM.

John Watts, also made a liberal donation for the same object, and in honour of these benefactors the institution was named.

These comprise the chief public establishments for the unfortunate in the city of New York, near the Hudson river. There are many others in the metropolis, but they do not properly claim a place in these sketches.

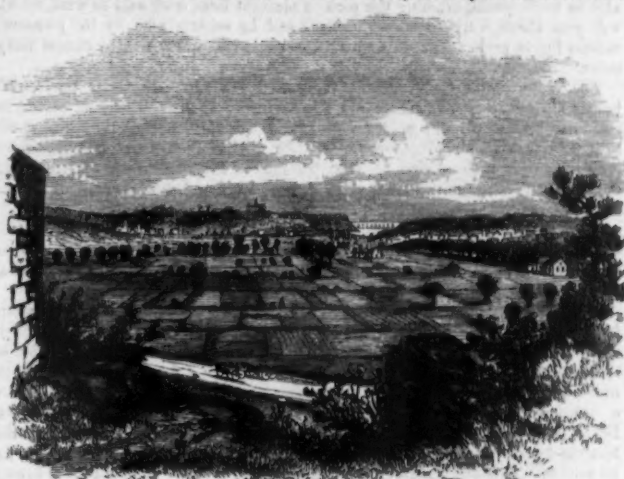
Let us here turn towards the interior of the island, drive to the verge of Harlem Plains, and then make a brief tour through the finished portions of the Central Park. Our road will be a little unpleasant a part of the way, for this portion of the island is in a state of transition from original roughness to the symmetry produced by Art and Labour.

Here, on the southern verge of the plains, we will leave our waggon, and climb to the summit of a rocky bluff, by a winding path up a steep hill covered with bushes, and take our stand by the side of an old square tower of brick, built for a redoubt during the war of 1812, and now used as a powder-house. The view northward, over Harlem Plains, is delightful. From the road at our feet stretch away numerous "truck" gardens, from which the city draws vegetable supplies. On the left is seen Manhattanville and a glimpse of the Palisades beyond the Hudson. In the centre, upon the highest visible point, is the Convent of the Sacred Heart; and towards the right is the Croton Aqueduct, or High Bridge, over the Harlem river. The trees on the extreme right mark the line of the race-course, a mile in length, beginning at Luff's, the great resort for sportsmen. On this course, the trotting abilities of fast horses are tried by matches every fine day.

In our little view of the Plains and the high ground beyond, is included the theatre of stirring and very important events of the revolution, in the autumn of 1776. Here was fought the battle of Harlem Plains, that saved the American army on Harlem Heights; and yonder, in the distance, was the entrenched camp of the Americans between Manhattanville and Mount Washington, within which occurred most of the sanguinary scenes in the capture of Fort Washington by the British and Hessians.

Our rocky observatory, more than a hundred feet above tide-water, over-

looking Harlem Plains, is included in the Central Park. Let us descend from it, ride along the verge of the Plain, and go up east of McGowan's Pass at about One Hundred and Ninth Street, where the remains of Forts Fish and Clinton are yet very prominent. These were built on the site of the fortifications of the revolution, during the war of 1812. Here we enter among the hundreds of men employed in fashioning the Central Park. What a chaos is presented! Men, teams, barrows, blasting, trenching, tunnelling, bridging, and every variety of labour needful in the transforming process. We pick our way over an almost impassable road among boulders and blasted rocks, to the great artificial basin of one hundred acres, now nearly completed, which is to be called the Lake of Man-a-hat-ta. It will really be only an immense tank



HARLEM PLAINS.

of Croton water, for the use of the city. We soon reach the finished portions of the park, and are delighted with the promises of future grandeur and beauty.

It is impossible, in the brief space allotted to these sketches, to give even a faint appreciative idea of the ultimate appearance of this park, according to the designs of Messrs. Olmstead and Vaux. We may only convey a few hints. The park was suggested by the late A. J. Downing, in 1851, when Kingsland, mayor of the city, gave it his official recommendation. Within a hundred days the legislature of the state of New York, granted the city permission to lay out a park; and in February, 1856, 733 acres of land, in the centre of the island, was in possession of the civic authorities for the purpose. Other purchases for



VIEW IN CENTRAL PARK.

the same end were made, and, finally, the area of the park was extended in the direction of Harlem Plains, so as to include 843 acres. It is more than two and a-half miles long, and half a mile wide, between the Fifth and Eighth Avenues, and Fifty-ninth and One Hundred and Tenth Streets. A great portion of this space was little better than rocky hills and marshy hollows, much of it covered with tangled shrubs and vines. The rocks are chiefly upheavals of gneiss, and the soil is composed mostly of alluvial deposits filled with boulders. Already a wonderful change has been wrought. Many acres

* This is a view of a portion of the Skating-Pond from a high point of the Ramble.

have been beautified, and the visitor now has a clear idea of the general character of the park, when completed.

The primary purpose of the park is to provide the best practicable means of healthful recreation for the inhabitants of the city, of all classes. Its chief feature will be a Mall, or broad walk of gravel and grass, 208 feet wide, and a fourth of a mile long, planted with four rows of the magnificent American elm trees, with seats and other requisites for resting and lounging. This, as has been suggested, will be New York's great out-of-doors Hall of Re-union. There will be a carriage-way more than nine miles in length, a bridle-path or equestrian road more than five miles long, and walks for pedestrians full twenty-one miles in length. These will never cross each other. There will also be traffic-roads, crossing the park in straight lines from east to west, which will pass through trenches and tunnels, and be seldom seen by the pleasure-seekers in the park. The whole length of roads and walks will be almost forty miles.

The Croton water tanks already there, and the new one to be made, will jointly cover 150 acres. There are several other smaller bodies of water, in their natural basins. The principal of these is a beautiful, irregular lake, known as the Skating-Pond. Pleasure-boats glide over it in summer, and in winter it is thronged with skaters.* One portion of the Skating-Pond is devoted exclusively to females. These, of nearly all ages and conditions, throng the ice whenever the skating is good.

Open spaces are to be left for military parades, and large plats of turf for games, such as ball and cricket, will be laid down—about twenty acres for the former, and ten for the latter; and it is intended to have a beautiful meadow in the centre of the park.

There will be arches of cut stone, and numerous bridges of iron and stone (the latter handsomely ornamented and fashioned in the most costly style), spanning the traffic-roads, ravines, and ponds. One of the most remarkable of these, forming a central architectural feature, is the Terrace Bridge, at the north end of the Mall, already approaching completion. This bridge covers a broad arcade, where, in alternate niches, will be statues and fountains. Below will be a platform, 170 feet wide, extending to the border of the Skating-Pond. It will embrace a spacious basin, with a fine fountain jet in its centre. This structure will be composed of exquisitely wrought light brown freestone, and granite.

Such is a general idea of the park, the construction of which was begun at the beginning of 1858; it is expected to be completed in 1864—a period of only about six years. The entire cost will not fall much short of 12,000,000 dollars. As many as four thousand men and several hundred horses have been at work upon it at one time.

From the Central Park—where beauty and symmetry in the hands of Nature and Art are already performing noble æsthetic service for the citizens of New York—let us ride to "Jones's Woods," on the eastern borders of the island, where, until recently, the silence of the country forest might have been enjoyed almost within sound of the hum of the busy town. But here, as everywhere else, on the upper part of Manhattan Island, the early footprints in the march of improvement are seen. As we leave the beautiful arrangement of the lower



A SQUATTER VILLAGE.

portions of the park, the eye immediately encounters scenes of perfect chaos, where animated and inanimated nature combine in making pictures upon memory, never to be forgotten. The opening and grading of new streets produce many rugged bluffs of earth and rock; and upon these, whole villages of squatters, who are chiefly Irish, may be seen. These inhabitants have the most supreme disregard for law or custom in planting their dwellings. To them the land seems to "lie out of doors," without visible owners, bare and unproductive. Without inquiry they take full possession, erect cheap cabins upon the "public domains," and exercise "squatter sovereignty" in an eminent degree, until some innovating owner disturbs their repose and their title, by

* A late number of the New York Spirit of the Times, referring to this lake, says:—"From the commencement of skating to the 24th day of February (1861) was sixty-three days; there was skating on forty-five days, and no skating on eighteen days. Of visitors to the pond, the least number on any one day was one hundred; the largest number on one day (Christmas) estimated at 100,000; aggregate number during the season, 540,000; average number on skating days, 12,000."

undermining their castles—for in New York, as in England, "every man's house is his castle." These form the advanced guard of the growing metropolis; and so eccentric is Fortune in the distribution of her favours in this land of general equality, that a dweller in these "suburban cottages," where swine and goats are seen instead of deer and blood-cattle, may, not many years in the future, occupy a palace upon Central Park—perhaps, upon the very spot where he now uses a pig for a pillow, and breakfasts upon the milk of she-goats. In a superb mansion, within an arrow's flight of Madison Park, lives a middle-aged man, whose childhood was thus spent among the former squatters in that quarter.

"Jones's Woods," formerly occupying the space between the Third Avenue and the East River, and Sixtieth and Eightieth streets, are rapidly disappearing.



PROVOST'S TOMB—JONES'S WOODS.

Streets have been cut through them, clearings for buildings have been made, and that splendid grove of old forest trees a few years ago, has been changed to clumps, giving shade to large numbers of pleasure-seekers during the hot months of summer, and the delightful weeks of early autumn. There, in profound retirement, in an elegant mansion on the bank of the East River, lived David Provost, better known to the inhabitants of New York—more than a hundred years ago—as "Ready-money Provost." This title he acquired because of the sudden increase of his wealth by the illicit trade in which some of the colonists were then engaged, in spite of the vigilance of the mother country. He married the widow of James Alexander, and mother of Lord Stirling, an eminent American officer in the old war for independence. In a family vault, cut in a rocky knoll at the request of his first wife, he was buried, and his remains were removed only when it was evident that they would no longer be respected by the Commissioner of Streets. It is now a dilapidated ruin near the foot of Seventy-first Street. The marble slab that he placed over the vault in memory of his wife (and which commemorates him also) lies neglected, over the broken walls.* The fingers of destruction are busy there.

The old Provost mansion is gone, and with it has departed the quiet of the scene. Near its site, large assemblages of people listen to music, hold festivals, dance, partake of refreshments of almost every kind, and fill the air with the voices of mirth. The Germans, who love the open air, go thither in large numbers; and tents wherein *lager beer* is sold, form conspicuous objects in that still half sylvan retreat. There Blondin walked his rope at fearful heights, among the tall tulip trees; and there, in autumn, the young people may yet gather nuts from the hickory trees, and gorgeous leaves from the birch, the chestnut, and the maple. But half a decade will not pass, before "Jones's Woods" will be among the things that have passed away.

A little beyond this, at Eighty-sixth Street, a road leads down to Astoria Ferry, on the East River, a short distance below the mouth of the Harlem River. This is a great thoroughfare, as it leads to many pleasant residences on Long Island, and the delightful roads in that vicinity. From this ferry

* The slab bears the following inscription: "JOANNAH RYNDERS, who was the most loving wife of David Provost. It was her will to be interred in this hill. Obittas 8 Xember, 1749, aged 43 years." "Sacred to the memory of DAVID PROVOST, who died Oct. 19th, 1761, aged 90 years."

may be obtained a fine view of Mill Rock in the East River, Hallett's Point, the village of Astoria, and other places of interest in the vicinity of a dangerous whirlpool, named by the Dutch *Helle-gat* (Hell-hole), now called Hell-gate. It is no longer dangerous to navigators, the sunken rocks which formed the whirlpool, having been removed in 1852, by submarine blasting, in which electricity was employed. This is an interesting historic locality. Here the town records of Newport, Rhode Island, carried away by Sir Henry Clinton, were submerged in 1779, when the British vessel that bore them was wrecked near the vortex. They were recovered. Here, during the revolution, the British frigate *Huzzar* was wrecked, and sunk in deep water, having on board, it was believed, a large amount of specie, destined for the use of the British troops in America. On Mill Rock, a strong block-house was erected during the war of 1812; and on Hallett's Point, a military work called Fort Stevens was constructed at the same time.

Near Hell-gate the Harlem River enters the East River, and not far distant are Ward's and Randall's Islands. These belong to the corporation of New York. The former contains a spacious emigrants' hospital, and the latter nursery schools for poor children, and a penal house of refuge for juvenile delinquents.* This is a delightful portion of the East River, and here the lover of sport may find good fishing at proper seasons.

Near the southern border of "Jones's Woods" is "The Coloured Home," where the indigent, sick, and infirm of African blood have their physical, moral, and religious wants supplied. It is managed by an association of women, and is sustained by the willing hands of the benevolent.

A little further south, on the high bank of the East River, at Fifty-first Street, is the ancient family mansion of a branch of the Beekman family, whose ancestor accompanied Governor Stuyvesant to New Amsterdam, near New

York, by the Commissioner of Streets until about ten years ago. I remember with pleasure a part of the day that I spent there with the hospitable owner. Then there were fine lawns, with grand old trees, blooming gardens, a spacious conservatory, and an ancient sun-dial that had marked the hours for a century. Over the elaborately-wrought chimney-pieces in the drawing-room were the arms of the Beekman family; and in an outhouse was a coach bearing the same arms, that belonged to the first proprietor of the mansion. It was a fine old relic of New York aristocracy a hundred years ago, and one of only



VIEW NEAR HELL-GATE.

York. There General Howe made his head-quarters after the battle on Long Island and his invasion of New York, in 1776; and there he was made Sir William Howe, because of those events, by knightly ceremonies performed by brother officers, at the command of his king. Captain Nathan Hale, the spy, whose case and Major André's have been compared, was brought before General Howe at this place soon after his arrest. He was confined during the night in the conservatory, and the next morning, without even the form of a trial, was handed over to Cunningham, the inhuman provost marshal, who hanged him upon an apple-tree, under circumstances of peculiar cruelty. The act was intended to strike the minds of the Americans with terror; it only served to exasperate and strengthen them.†

The old Beekman mansion, with its rural surroundings, remained uninvaded

* Ward's Island contains about 200 acres, and lies in the East River, from One Hundred and First to One Hundred and Fifteenth Streets inclusive. The Indians called it *Ten-ken-as*. It was purchased from them by First Director Van Twillie, in 1637. A portion of the island is a potter's field, where about 2,500 of the poor and strangers are buried annually. The island is supplied with Croton water. A ferry connects it with the city at One Hundred and Sixth Street. Randall's Island, nearly north from Ward's, close by the Westchester shore, was the residence of Jonathan Randall for almost fifty years; he purchased it in 1784. It has been called, at different times, Little Barn Island, Belle Isle, Talbot's Island, and Montessor's Island. The city purchased it, in 1835, for 50,000 dollars. The House of Refuge is on the southern part of the island, opposite One Hundred and Seventeenth Street. There youthful criminals are kept free from the contaminating influence of old offenders, are taught useful trades, and are continually subjected to reformatory influences. Good homes are furnished them when they leave the institution, and in this way the children of depraved parents who have entered upon a career of crime, have their feet set in the paths of virtue, usefulness, and honour.

† Nathan Hale was an exemplary young man, of a good Connecticut family. Washington was anxious to ascertain the exact position and condition of the British army on Long Island, and Hale volunteered to obtain it. He was arrested, and consigned to Cunningham for execution. He was refused the services of a clergyman and the use of a Bible, and letters that he wrote during the night to his mother and sisters were destroyed by the inhuman marshal. His last words were,—"I only regret that I have but one life to give to my country."



THE BEEKMAN MANSION.

three or four coaches owned in the city at that time. Such was the prejudice against the name of coach—a sure sign of aristocracy—that Robert Murray, a wealthy Quaker merchant, called his "a leathern conveyance." But the beauty of the Beekman homestead has departed; the ground is reticulated by streets and avenues, and the mansion is left alone in its glory.

Directly opposite to the Beekman mansion is the lower end of Blackwell's Island, a narrow strip of land in the East River, extending to Eighty-eighth



TURTLE BAY AND BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.

Street, and containing 120 acres. Beyond it is seen the pretty village of Ravenswood, on the Long Island shore. The Indians called Blackwell's Island *Min-na-han-nock*. It was also named Manning Island, having been owned by Captain John Manning, who, in 1672, betrayed the fort at New York into the hands of the Dutch.* In 1828 it was purchased by the city of New York, of Joseph Blackwell, and appropriated to public uses. Upon it are located, under

* Manning was bribed to commit the treason. He escaped punishment through the intervention of his king, Charles II., who, it was believed, shared in the bribe.

the supervision of a board of ten governors, the almshouse, almshouse hospital, penitentiary hospital, New York city small-pox hospital, workhouse, city penitentiary, and New York lunatic asylum. There is a free ferry to the island, at the foot of Sixty-first Street.

Turtle Bay, at Forty-Seventh Street—from the southern border of which our sketch of Blackwell's Island was taken—was a theatre of some stirring scenes during the revolution. Until within a few years it remained in its primitive condition—a sheltered cove with a gravelly beach, and high rocky shores covered with trees and shrubbery. Here the British government had a magazine of military stores, and these the *Sons of Liberty*, as the early republicans were called, determined to seize, in July, 1775. A party, under the direction of active members of that association, proceeded stealthily by water, in the evening, from Greenwich, Connecticut, passed the dangerous vortex of Hell-gate at twilight, and at midnight surprised and captured the guard, and seized the stores. The old storehouse in which they were deposited is yet standing, a venerable relic of the past among the busy scenes of the present.

At Turtle Bay we fairly meet the city in its gradual movement along the shores of the East River. Below this point almost every relic of the past, in Nature and Art, has been swept away by pick and powder; and wharves, storehouses, manufactories, and dwellings, are occupying places where, only a few years ago, were pleasant country seats, far away from the noise of the town. Our ride in this direction will, therefore, have no special attractions, so let us turn towards the Hudson again, and visit some points of interest in the central and lower portions of the island within the limits of the regulated streets. The allotted space allows us to take only glimpses at some of the most prominent points and objects.

The great distributing reservoir of the Croton water, upon Murray Hill, between Fortieth and Forty-second Streets, and Fifth and Sixth Avenues, challenges our attention and admiration. Up to this point the Fifth Avenue—the street of magnificent palatial residences—is completed, scarcely a vacant



THE RESERVOIR, FIFTH AVENUE.

lot remaining upon its borders. The reservoir stands in solemn and marked contrast to these ornamental structures, and rich and gay accompaniments. Its walls, in Egyptian style, are of dark granite, and average forty-four feet in height above the adjacent streets. Upon the top of the wall, which is reached by massive steps, is a broad promenade, from which may be obtained very extensive views of the city and the surrounding country. This is made secure by a strong battlement of granite on the outside, and next to the water by an iron fence.

The reservoir covers an area of two acres, and its tank capacity is over twenty millions of gallons. The water was first let into it on the 4th of July, 1842. On the 14th of October following it was distributed over the town, and the event was celebrated on that day by an immense military and civic procession.* Such a display had never been seen in New York since the mingling of the waters of the Great Lake and the Hudson River, through the Erie Canal, was celebrated in 1825.

From the reservoir we ride down Fifth Avenue, the chief fashionable quarter of the metropolis. For two miles we may pass between houses of the most costly description, built chiefly of brown freestone, some of it elaborately carved. Travellers agree that in no city in the world can be found an equal

* The waters of the Croton flow from the dam to the distributing reservoir, forty miles and a half, through a covered canal, made of stone and brick, at an average depth of 2½ feet. The usual flow is about 30,000,000 of gallons a day; its capacity is 60,000,000. It passes through sixteen tunnels in rock, varying from 160 to 1,263 feet. In Westchester county it crosses twenty-five streams, from 12 to 70 feet below the line of grade, besides numerous small brooks furnished with culverts. After crossing the Harlem River over the high bridge already described, it passes the Manhattan valley by an inverted siphon of iron pipes, 4,180 feet in length, and the Clendening valley on an aqueduct 1,900 feet. It then enters the receiving reservoir, now in the Central Park, which has a capacity of 150,000,000 gallons. In a hygienic and economic view, the importance of this great work cannot be estimated; in insurance alone it has caused the reduction of 40 cents on every 100 dollars in the annual rates. It is estimated that the capacity of the Croton River is sufficient to supply the city with a population of 5,000,000. The ridge line, or watershed, enclosing the Croton valley above the dam, is 101 miles in length. The stream is 39 miles in length, and its tributaries 136 miles. The total area of the valley is 352 square miles; within it are thirty-one natural lakes and ponds.

number of really splendid mansions in a single street; they are furnished, also, in princely style. The side-walks are flagged with heavy blue stone, or granite, and the street is paved with blocks of the latter material. At Madison Square, between Twenty-third and Twenty-sixth Streets, it is crossed diagonally by Broadway, and there, as an exception, are a few business establishments. At the intersection, and fronting Madison Park, is the magnificent Fifth Avenue Hotel, built of white marble, and said to be the largest and most elegant in the world. As we look up from near the St. Germain, this



FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, MADISON PARK.

immense house, six stories in height, is seen on the left, and the trees of Madison Park on the right. In the middle distance is the Worth House, a large private boarding establishment, and near it the granite monument erected by the city of New York to the memory of the late General William J. Worth, of the United States army.

This is the only public monument in the city of New York, except a mural one to the memory of General Montgomery, in the front wall of St. Paul's



WORTH'S MONUMENT.

Church. It is of Quincy granite; the apex is fifty-one feet from the ground, and the smooth surface of the shaft is broken by raised bands, on which are the names of the battles in which General Worth had been engaged. On the lower section of the shaft are representations of military trophies in relief. General Worth was an *aide-de-camp* of General Scott in the battles of Chippewa and Niagara, in the summer of 1813, and went through the war with Mexico with distinction. His name holds an honourable place among the military heroes of his country. The monument was erected in 1858.

THE LIVERPOOL "ACADEMY" AND "SOCIETY."

THE exhibitions of both are open, and both are good; the one is, perhaps, better calculated to gratify the general public, the other is more likely to give pleasure to the artist and those who are advanced in a knowledge of Art. Each contains several high-class works, with, of course, a large admixture of inferiority; but unquestionably we find here the usual results of competition. Both institutions have made great exertions, and both have been rewarded by more than ordinary success. The great attraction of the "Society" is Ward's great picture of 'The Antechamber at Whitehall during the Dying Moments of Charles II.' to which, no doubt, the "prize" will be awarded; that of the other is the picture by J. F. Lewis, A.R.A., 'Waiting for the Ferry, Upper Egypt,' which has received from the Academy the "prize" of £50.

Those who have visited the London exhibitions are well acquainted with the leading works; they are none the less valuable in Liverpool on that account, for but few of its citizens have seen them; and occupying, as they do here, places of honour, they are shown to greater advantage than they were in Trafalgar Square.

Those that receive most notice in the Society's rooms (which, by the way, have been remodelled and greatly improved, the light being now everywhere well distributed), are—next to Mr. E. M. Ward's picture—John Faed's 'Queen Margaret's Defiance of the Scottish Parliament,' Tom Faed's 'Reapers Returning' (both the property of a liberal collector, Ralph Brocklebank, Esq.) Jacob Thompson's fine painting 'The Signal,' Hart's 'St. Elizabeth, Queen of Hungary, distributing Alms to the Poor,' with contributions by Creswick, Goodall, Frost, Sant, Solomon, Lance, Lear (his marvellous work, 'The Cedars of Lebanon'), D. Roberts, E. W. Cooke, F. R. Lee, with a long *et cetera* of eminent and popular artists. The exhibition is, moreover, greatly strengthened by the aid of foreign painters, many of whom have sent valuable works to a locality in which they have found a large amount of patronage.

On the whole, therefore, the exhibition of the Society is an exceedingly good one, perhaps the best they have had, and certainly one of the best we have ever seen out of the Metropolis. The committee have reason to be entirely satisfied with the result of their applications to artists and Art-patrons, who have aided them largely and liberally; and we have no doubt the issue will be to give greater stability and increased power to an institution, the members and supporters of which are influenced only by a desire to advance Art, and whose motives are beyond question, while they give much time, thought, and labour for the public good.

The Academy has also, as we have said, a good exhibition; perhaps the best they have ever had. It includes, besides the works of local artists, many of interest by our leading men. Mr. J. A. Horsley contributes his 'Lost and Found' (the Return of the Prodigal); Mr. Holman Hunt his 'Lantern-maker's Courtship'; Mr. Herbert, a "study for a figure" in his fresco now in progress at Westminster; Mr. MacIse, 'The Players' Reception of the Poor Author'; Mr. J. F. Lewis, 'Waiting for the Ferry—Upper Egypt,' and an 'Arab Sheikh'; Sir Edwin Landseer, 'Dogs and Dead Deer'; Mr. P. F. Poole, 'Ferdinand and Miranda,' and 'The Death of Cordelia'; Mr. Creswick, 'The Kingfisher's Haunt'; Mr. Anthony, 'Twilight'; Mr. Dyce, 'Christ in the Wilderness'; Mr. David Roberts, 'San Giovanni e Paolo, Venice'; Mr. Noel Paton, 'Luther at Erfurt'; Mr.

Hurlstone, 'View of a Window at Granada'; Mr. Phillip, 'La Bolea'; Mr. Carl Werner, 'Venice in her Pride and Power'; the veteran William Hunt, two portraits of himself (1820 and 1860); Mr. Marks, 'The Franciscan Sculptor and his Model'; Mr. Holland, 'Fountain de St. George, Genoa,' and 'Rotterdam'; Mr. A. W. Hunt, 'Oberwesel, 1859.' The two institutions together exhibit upwards of two thousand pictures, while in Liverpool there are three or four minor collections "for sale."

Unfortunately, at this moment, "the state of things" in Liverpool operates prejudicially as regards Art. Until matters are settled in America, the purse-strings of its wealthy merchants will not be freely drawn; there will be a disposition to wait for a time—postponing the acquisition of Art treasures.

In Liverpool there are upwards of fifty collections of modern pictures, many of them extensive as well as excellent. The "princes" there are liberal patrons as well as sound judges of British Art; and it is certain that in this prosperous "city-town" a love of Art is making rapid progress. Our painters and sculptors will find their most productive "market" here. The knowledge that it is so, increases our regret that all attempts to make the *two societies one* have been failures; that all efforts at "amalgamation" have been frustrated, mainly, we believe, by the "will" of a single individual, whose unhappy predilections for the pre-Raphaelite school are notorious. Whatever, therefore, may be the merits of the exhibitions, it is most unlikely that either of them will yield an income sufficient for its support. The one is in debt, the other has expended nearly all its savings; and no result can be looked for except that which must be prejudicial to the patrons and the profession.

We do not desire to "rub the sore"—we are told that we have done so already; but we shall, by every means in our power, advocate a junction that would inevitably secure for Liverpool the best annual exhibition of pictures out of London, and greatly increase the prosperity of British Art not only there but throughout wealthy Lancashire.

The "Society" announces that arrangements are in progress to obtain a BUILDING FUND, and that, among other means to be adopted, there will be a bazaar in the spring of next year, for the sale of works of Art, and "other works," "of which there is every reason to anticipate a very liberal supply, as several artists and amateurs have expressed a cordial desire to contribute." Parties desirous to aid this project are requested to communicate with the Hon. Sec., Joseph Boulton, Esq., North John Street, Liverpool.

Certainly it is to be regretted that the Fine Arts have literally no habitation in Liverpool, where so many glorious edifices have been raised for so many worthy objects. Music is better located there than in any other town of England—perhaps of the world. St. George's Hall is a building that merits the term magnificent; while few structures are more truly grand and beautiful than that which is known as the Free Library (devoted, however, to several useful purposes), erected by the munificent liberality of Colonel William Brown.

On the other hand, the dwellings in which provision is made for the Arts are mean and miserable, and utterly unworthy the wealthiest, most populous, and most "rising" city in the dominions of the crown. O that some generous and sympathizing soul would do for Art what Colonel Brown has done for Letters, and give to the people of Liverpool and their posterity another structure that, while it glorifies the great town, shall be a source of delight and instruction to the existing generation and to millions yet unborn!

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THE trustees of the National Portrait Gallery have made their fourth annual report to the Lords of the Treasury, wherein it is stated that since the date of the last report (24th of April, 1860) up to that of the present, the number of meetings held by them is eight, and the entire number since they commenced their duties on the 9th of February, 1857, is forty-six. In their former reports the trustees have given a list of thirty-five donations offered and accepted; up to the present time the entire number is forty-two. It was not until the present year that busts were adjudged eligible; but the question came before the trustees in a practical form at their meeting of the 25th of February last by the proposal of sale of the bust of Moore the poet. Then, as the minutes of the day state, "after careful deliberation as to the extent to which the objects of the gallery might admit of various modes of portraiture, the trustees unanimously agreed to the purchase of the bust, being the first received in this collection." This bust is by a namesake of the poet, and should it ever be the fate of Lawrence's portrait of Moore to be placed in this collection, it is to be hoped that the bust will not be niched near it, for the portrait of Moore, if not altogether, it is very nearly, the finest man's head that Lawrence ever painted—that is, fine in his way, so fully gifted with small talk. Since that bust was added others have been purchased—as those of Hogarth, Cromwell, and Lord Jeffrey—all of which we have described.

In the Easter week of this year, as in that of last year, the gallery was open during the whole of the first three days, and arrangements were made for the reception of a large number of holiday visitors; but in consequence of the unfavourable weather, the number of visitors was less than had been anticipated. On the Monday there were 279; on the Tuesday, 228; and on the Wednesday, 286. The gallery is open only on Wednesdays and Saturdays, after midday, and it was necessary for persons desiring admission to procure tickets; but on relaxing this rule, and finding that the indulgence was not abused, the trustees, on the 14th of March last, passed a resolution dispensing with the tickets—the admission, therefore, is now as free as it is to the National Gallery. But the rooms allotted to this collection are already full, and serious inconveniences arise from the space at the disposal of the trustees being so limited. The apartments are too small for the convenient circulation of the visitors, and the pictures are necessarily hung with a view to make the most of the space, whereas it is desirable that they should be classed in chronological order; and with this view the trustees express a hope that the question of larger and more commodious apartments for this growing collection may ere long engage the serious attention both of the government and the Houses of Parliament. The collection has outgrown the space allotted to it, but there is no probability of the proximate assignation of a permanent abiding-place for it. If it be determined ultimately to remove it to Brompton, that cannot be done until the termination of the Exhibition of 1862, for the building will be left standing and utilized as an addition to the Museum. If it be determined that it shall be placed in Trafalgar Square, its final establishment is yet more remote than if it were proposed to send it to the Museum.

Of the hundred and twenty-two portraits composing this collection, more than one-third are presentations; the rest have been purchased. Many of them are paintings of very inferior merit; but they are not estimable, in a collection like this, according to the perfection or imperfection of the art, but according to the presumption or proof of the genuineness of the portrait. There is time enough yet for presentations of Vandykes and Sir Joshua; it is, however, surprising that, considering the number of the extant works of both, nothing yet by the former should have been acquired, and nothing as yet very remarkable by the latter.

Whenever we have a new edifice for the National Gallery, it may be presumed these pictures will be transferred to it—their proper place.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1862 promises to afford us the opportunity of estimating the progress of painting in Russia; the government of that country has determined to contribute examples of the art from the year 1764, commencing with Losenko, the first Russian painter of distinctive character. This date places the foundation of the Russian school at about the same epoch as our own, assuming Reynolds to be, as he is generally considered, the founder.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION (1862) ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.—We announce our intention to issue with the *Art-Journal*, during eight months of the year 1862, an illustrated catalogue of the leading works of Industrial Art contained in the Exhibition—the Works of all Nations. Such a publication will be looked for—indeed, demanded—at our hands. It is unnecessary for us to remind our readers that the catalogue we issued in 1851 was, and continues to be, the most valuable record of that memorable year. We may be justified in affirming that it has been of great service in all the Art-works of the world; for there are few places, however distant, in which it is not kept as a “pattern-book.” We have larger experience, and many additional aids, to enable us to compile in 1862 even a more valuable volume than that we produced in 1851: we believe we may anticipate confidence in the result. With our next number we shall issue a detailed prospectus, inviting Art-producers, not only in Great Britain, but of all countries, to assist our plan, by furnishing us with information, photographs, drawings, &c., premising that no charge whatever will be made to any manufacturer for the engravings we shall introduce into the catalogue, or for the descriptions and explanations that will accompany them.

THE COMMEMORATION GROUP, 1851.—Subscribers and the public will ere long receive definite information concerning this work—a commission for which some two years ago was given to Mr. Joseph Durham, the result of a “competition,” which adjudged to him the prize, and the “order” for the group. It is to be placed in the grounds of the Horticultural Society, at South Kensington, adjacent to, though not actually on, the site occupied by the Crystal Palace in 1851. It is probable that we shall soon present to our readers more explanatory details: at present it must suffice to say, that the statue of the Queen is about to be cast in bronze, and has been “tried” in the place it is to occupy. It is a noble work; a work of the highest merit, beyond doubt the best statue of the Queen that has been yet produced; and justifies belief that the group, when completed, will be, in all respects, honourable to British Art.

THE STATUE OF CRUMPTON, to be erected in his native town, Bolton, is progressing in the hands of Calder Marshall. The citizens of that flourishing town subscribed liberally to do honour to the memory of their fellow-townsmen—to whom, not only all Great Britain, but the whole world owes a debt of gratitude; for his invention of the “mule” has given employment to millions, and made the fortunes of thousands. The sum collected was £1,800, nearly the whole of which goes to the artist, who will be sure to produce an excellent work. The project, we believe, originated with Mr. Gilbert French, F.S.A., of Bolton, whose memoir of Crumpton is one of the most interesting and instructive biographies that has ever issued from the press.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY closes on the 1st of October, for the reception and hanging of the Turner Collection, which, we announced last month, it was determined to place here in order to confirm the claim of the nation to the property. Even with the new Italian Room, the space is by no means ample for the paintings that are already there, and how another large collection is to be hung, without withdrawing a considerable proportion of the old pictures, remains to be seen.

THE LIONS FOR TRAFALGAR SQUARE ought to have been some time since *in situ*, considering the length of time the commission has been given. Sir E. Landseer has worked sedulously at the clay models, inasmuch that Baron Marochetti, we believe, professes the modelling to be entirely by him. Be that as it may, from the hands of

two such artists, the works must be of rare excellence when they do appear. The commission is legitimately that of a sculptor; but Sir Edwin Landseer has modelled dogs with great spirit—one especially, that remained in the clay, in the studio of Sir F. Chantrey, until it fell to pieces.

MR. ROSETTI has completed and just forwarded to its destination, Llandaff Cathedral, a picture, the subject of which is “Christ, sprung from high and low, in the one person of David, shepherd and king.” It is a triptych, in the centre piece of which appears the Virgin with the infant Saviour, and an angel leading in a king and a shepherd to worship, while other angels are grouped around and above. On the right hand wing is seen David, the warrior king and sweet psalmist of Israel, as if resting after the fatigue of battle, and solacing himself with his harp. This wing is entitled “David Rex,” the other “David Pastor,” but the latter has yet to be painted. The subject is rather imaginary than authentic; it is brought forward with the utmost tenderness of feeling, which is remarkable, especially in the Virgin and Child—the former of whom is of a complexion somewhat darker than she is usually painted. The dimensions of the centre piece are eight feet in width and five in height.

THE PRIZE MEDAL OF 1862.—The design for the obverse of the prize medal for award to successful competitors in the Great Exhibition of next year, has been made by Mr. MacIse, and it is in the hands of Mr. L. C. Wyon for execution in the die. The centre figure, Britannia, is seated, and holds in her left hand an olive branch, and in her right a wreath, which she is about to give to one of the three figures before her that represent Machinery, Manufacture, and Raw Produce, who have brought with them specimens of their productions. Behind Britannia stand Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, as assisting at the distribution. The treatment of Britannia contains a very happy allusion to the times; she is fully armed, but attached to the sword that is by her side is an olive sprig, and at her side is extended the lion. Not very many years ago, a design of this kind, according to the spirit of that time, would have been, if not pure Greek in taste, at least rampant allegory; instead of either of which we have a simple prose narrative, elegantly constructed and easy of interpretation. The drawing is extremely exact: this is particularly exemplified in the objects and machinery associated with the left group, and in its transfer to the medal, we doubt not that in the hands of such an artist as Mr. Wyon, that minute execution will receive ample justice. The design for the reverse is under consideration, but it is not yet determined on. The size of the medal will be identical with that of 1851, as will also be the material of which it is to be composed—bronze—but the composition of the new medal is more comprehensive than that of 1851.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1862.—The Royal Commissioners have given their sanction to a project emanating from the National Committee of Architecture, for forming, at the forthcoming exhibition, a “Court of High Class Decorative Art,” containing examples, selected for their merit and beauty, of decorative works of all kinds, except sculpture and painting. The arrangement of this Court will, we understand, in no way interfere with the adjudication of medals, nor with the exhibition of similar works in their proper classes. The sub-committee, on whom has devolved the duty of superintending the project, consists of Messrs. E. M. Barry, A.R.A., J. Clarke, F.S.A., J. Edmeston, F.R.I.B.A., G. E. Street, F.S.A., and the Rev. B. Webb, M.A., who hold their meetings at the rooms of the Institute of British Architects, in Conduit Street.

“THE FRESCOS.”—The observations made by Mr. B. Osborne in the House of Commons on the well-abused frescoes induced us to examine their condition, which is a state of decomposition, much advanced during the last twelve months. In Herbert’s ‘Lear,’ the faces of Goneril and Regan have become of a flat, dirty brown tint, that has obliterated the drawing and the features; the colours also of the background are destroyed. In Watts’ ‘Red Cross Knight slaying the Dragon,’ the subject remains visible enough, but much of the detail is indefinite, and large portions of the principal figure are gone. Cope’s ‘Griselda’ and ‘Lara’ have both

suffered much mischief; and in both of Armitage’s nearly all the flesh tints are gone. Tenniel’s ‘St. Cecilia’ seems to have suffered less than any of the others—much of the flesh painting remains pure and bright; and in Horsley’s ‘Adam and Eve’ the draperies are yet brilliant, but in other parts the colour is flaking off. Thus it may be said these frescoes are destroyed, and their entire extinction is only a question of time. The first appearance of decay is a spotty discolouration of the tints, which spreads, and the coat of colour rises in minute blisters, that break and expose the white mortar on which the colour has been laid. Mr. Watts has offered to repeat his picture; but with what presumed improvements soever he might repeat it, it is all but certain that the result would be the same. It has been said that a scientific inquiry was to be instituted into the cause of the decay, but there has been as yet no report of any such inquiry.

THE FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART re-opens, for the autumnal session, on the 1st of the present month, at the house it now occupies, 43, Queen Square, Bloomsbury. A room has been specially prepared for the class of wood-engravers. The last report of the committee of management states that the subscriptions received towards the purchase of more commodious premises, amount to the sum of £2,037 19s.—the estimate required being £2,500, or more. It may not be considered out of place to remark that the Queen lately selected a design, by Miss Margaretta Clarke, a pupil in this school, for a Honiton lace shawl, composed of roses, ivy, and clematis, which will probably be exhibited at the International Exhibition next year. To Miss Clarke was awarded the national medal for design, at the recent distribution of prizes made at Kensington. The “Female School” took five national medals, and had five “honorable mentions,” a decided improvement upon last year, when only two national medals were obtained. Three of the pupils executed pages of illuminations for the signatures of the Royal Family at the opening of the Horticultural Gardens, in June last: one was composed of a group of pansies, on which three of the young princesses, and two of the princes wrote their names; another of roses, with Prince of Wales’ feathers, for the Prince of Wales; and the third was composed of a wreath of flowers, with scroll and coronet, for the members of the Cambridge family.

STATUETTE OF LORD ELCHO.—One of the best of the numerous and varied series of statuettes that have recently been produced, and which constitute in themselves a distinct and highly interesting class of works of Art, is a portrait of Lord Elcho, modelled and executed in parian, by Beattie. This very beautiful work, seventeen and a half inches in height, is at once an admirable and a most characteristic likeness, and a good example of miniature portrait sculpture. The amiable and popular nobleman is represented in the uniform of his volunteer corps, the London Scottish; and he appears, as he really is, a model volunteer. The delicate rendering of the features and hands in this statuette, is greatly enhanced by the skill with which the texture of the various components of the noble lord’s uniform is treated. Without doubt, this statuette will find a place of honour in the homes, not only of many of the London Scottish, but of the zealous volunteers of every corps; nor will it fail to secure a corresponding number of admirers amongst those families who do not actually number a volunteer in their circle. As we write, two copies only of this work have been produced, at the Hill Pottery, Burslem: one has been presented to Lady Elcho, and the other is exhibited at the Crystal Palace (where it has been greatly admired) by the spirited and enterprising proprietors of the Porcelain Court, Messrs. Barnicott and Banfield. The Hill Pottery, formerly conducted by Mr. Alcock, has been recently taken and is now conducted by Messrs. Hill, nephews of Alderman Sir James Duke, M.P. We understand they are gentlemen of much taste and knowledge, and that ere long this establishment will rank among the best of the Potteries. We shall gladly hail a worthy addition to the “good men and true” of this important district.

THE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—When this favourite institution last year opened its doors to the public, after lying awhile in abeyance, we expressed our commingled surprise and regret at not finding at the head of the staff the gentleman under whose

direction the Polytechnic had acquired its reputation, and with whose name it was identified in the opinion of the public. It was a great mistake, by whomsoever it may have been made, to have omitted Mr. Pepper when the new arrangements were entered into at the Polytechnic: and we have much pleasure in recording the fact that this mistake has at length been rectified, and that Mr. Pepper is again in his place at the Polytechnic. There can be no doubt that this step on the part of the managing directors of the institution will be appreciated by the public; and we feel assured that Mr. Pepper's presence in his proper place in the institution he so long conducted with such high honour to himself and so completely to the satisfaction of all, will not fail to be attended with the most advantageous results.

THE PARIAN STATUE OF PALISSY.—This most remarkable work will be reproduced in the form of a statuette, so that the first heroic statue in parian, will be taught to assume the popular conditions associated with the beautiful material in which it was executed. We have learned with much satisfaction the determination of Mr. Daniell, to enable admirers of the model artist-workman of France, to possess reduced copies of the parian Palissy. This cannot fail to be a popular statuette, and we anticipate its appearance with no ordinary pleasure.

MR. THOMAS AGNEW, the long eminent print publisher and dealer in pictures, of Manchester, has retired from business, and is succeeded by his sons, William and Thomas. No man connected with trade, either in the metropolis or the provinces, is better known or more universally respected than the gentleman to whom we give this cordial greeting at parting: and no man living is better entitled to the repose he is, we hope, destined to enjoy—"health, peace, and competence"—after a long life of useful and honourable labour. He leaves to his sons that valuable heritage, "a good name," the advantages that result from experience, and a "connection" second to none either in or out of London. Confidence has been obtained by systematic courtesy and integrity, and, as it is well known the sons, who are neither of them very young, have of late years mainly managed the business, we may safely anticipate for them a prosperous career in Manchester and Liverpool, where their large establishments are conducted. Those who are acquainted with the print publishing trade are aware that for a quarter of a century past, several of the best British engravings are the issues of this house. But the services rendered to Art by Mr. Agnew, are of a more important order than even the dissemination of good prints. The principal support of British Art proceeds from wealthy Lancashire. Some twenty years ago, the merchants and manufacturers there were collectors of "old masters"—they paid large sums for "names" with bad pictures. Of late, however, fabricators of Titians and Raphaels make no sales in that district: undoubtedly, the change was mainly effected by the judgment and energy of Mr. Agnew—whose perseverance has been rewarded by the knowledge that works of British artists are now the luxuries (they have become almost the necessities) of the rich men of that rich county; and he may justly claim the gratitude of the many who have prospered by the transfer of Art-patronage from the dead to the living. His "dealings" have been just and true; and if they have made him prosperous, as we presume and believe they have, he has been the means of giving prosperity to a very large proportion of the great or the good painters of our time and country. We therefore with much pleasure make record of Mr. Thomas Agnew's retirement from business—a pleasure entirely unalloyed, for his sons will no doubt follow in the footsteps of the father, guided by his example, and, we trust, to retire in their turn with equal credit—to enjoy at ease and in comfort the remainder of a life well and usefully passed in the public service.

GEORGE STEPHENSON.—Mr. Lough's statue of George Stephenson, for Newcastle, is at length finished in the plaster, and is about to be cast in bronze. Having already described this work twice during its progress, it is not now necessary to speak of its details. The figure is eleven feet high, and at the four corners of the pedestal there are four figures typifying the four great departments contributive to the accomplishment of Stephenson's great enterprises—the pitman, the navy, the smith, and the

engineer. Before being removed to Newcastle, the monument will be placed in the International Exhibition—as will Mr. Lough's "Milo," which is also about to be cast in bronze. There are not many of the readers of the *Art-Journal* who may remember this work. It was modelled some thirty-five years ago, not long after Mr. Lough first settled in London, and was spoken of by the newspapers of the day in the most flattering terms. The composition is bold, exciting, and so daring as to remind the observer of Michael Angelo. Of the story of Milo, it exemplifies the worst passage for himself, but the best for the sculptor—his hand is fixed in the cleft tree, and the wild beast has sprung on him from behind.

THE HAMPTON COURT PICTURES.—There are many of the pictures at Hampton Court not worth the cost of cleaning, and still less worth that of restoring. Since the idea of an exemplified history of Art has grown upon us, old pictures are regarded with more tenderness than formerly. It has been observed by the Baron de Triqueti, speaking of our National Gallery, that we now possess examples that are wanting to the Louvre collection, meaning early Italian and German pictures. There are at Hampton Court some interesting relics, but many of them have been terribly abused; for instance, fancy a creditable Lucas Van Leyden—a triptych, having its wings nailed up against the wall, the nails passing no matter where, perhaps through the head of a saint. Such a picture has been cleaned and restored by Mr. Battery, of Soho Square—it is a "Crucifixion," in which any necessary retouching has been so judiciously done as to resemble very exactly the work of the master. The surface of the picture is perfect and without any treacherous inequalities. If the cleaning of the Hampton Court pictures be committed to Mr. Battery alone, he may pray for a life-lease of a hundred years, for he will be occupied all that time in removing the megilp the Dutch satellites of William III. in their ignorance spread over them.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY has received an addition of five pictures, all of Italian schools. Three are from the collection of Mr. Barker, in Piccadilly, purchased at the cost of £2,500; the other two have been presented, one by Sir C. L. Eastlake, and the other by Mr. G. F. Watts. The three from the Barker Collection are 'St. Sebastian, St. Rock, and St. Demetrius,' by Bevenuto, called L'Ortolano; 'St. John and Six other Saints,' by Filippo Lippi, and the 'Beato Ferretti,' by Carlo Crevelli. The first is a large upright, with St. Sebastian in the middle, having St. Rock on his right, and St. Demetrius on his left. The last-named saint wears a full suit of plate armour, and stands with both hands resting on the hilt of his sword before him; over the armour is cast a red cloak. St. Rock wears a brown tunic with a blue cloak, and his left hand is on his breast. St. Sebastian is, as usual, a nude figure tied to a tree and pierced by arrows; the drawing is masterly, full of flowing and opposing lines, and there is an elegance in the form marked rather by the characteristics of the female than the male figure. It has been very carefully painted; the tints are well rounded, but, like the gradations of early works, the shades fall suddenly into black without the intermediation of greys. The background is an Italian landscape, with trees and buildings, better painted than were commonly the backgrounds of the time. Bevenuto was of the Ferrarese school; he died in 1525. In the second, St. John is the centre figure; the other saints are disposed three on each side of him; all are seated. This work is by Filippo Lippi, as is also that presented by Sir Charles Eastlake; but between the two there can be no comparison, the latter being so much the finer picture. Both figures are in profile, the angel kneeling. The colouring and painting of the faces is extremely pure and delicate, and the composition full and elaborate: but the figures are deficient of the presence and grace that distinguish Lippi's best works, which are in Florence. This master benefited much by the study of Masaccio; but this is seen in his large compositions rather than in his small ones, for he was one of the first of the Florentine artists who painted life-sized figures. The 'Beato Ferretti,' by Crevelli, shows a monk kneeling and looking upwards. The composition is crowded with objects all striving for precedence. The Pontormo, Mr. Watts' picture, is a portrait

of a Knight of Malta, of the size of life, and standing; his dress is a long black cloak, and on his head is a beret. But for the face, it might be pronounced by Titian; but the moment the eye rests on the features, it is at once felt that the lake glass is not there. It looks entirely painted with light red and yellows, but admirable in its daylight breadth. There is also wanting the dignity that Titian was so fortunate in imparting to his figures; and we miss this the more that it would have so well become this personage, and the portrait would have gained so much by it. Pontormo had many masters, but the most memorable is Andrea del Sarto—memorable in association with Pontormo, because two of the beautiful frescoes in the loggia of the Santissima Annunziata are respectively by the master and the pupil—'The Birth of the Virgin' by the former, and 'The Visitation' by the latter.

STATUE OF BARRY, R.A.—The subscriptions towards the erection of a statue to the memory of the late Sir Charles Barry, have reached nearly £950. The commission for the work has been given to Mr. Foley, R.A., a sure guarantee that the statue will be worthy of the Arts of the country and of the lamented architect whose genius it is intended to commemorate. After much consideration, and some correspondence between the committee and the Government authorities, it has been finally decided that the statue shall be erected in that part of the Houses of Parliament known as the "Witnesses' Lobby," which is, in fact, the landing at the foot of the staircase in the inner lobby, leading to the committee-rooms.

THE ROYAL PANORAMA in Leicester Square, which has been so long an attraction to thousands, will still continue to be so notwithstanding the lamented decease of the late proprietor Mr. Burford. A new picture is now to be seen there, a view of the City and Bay of Naples, painted by Mr. H. C. Selous, for many years the efficient co-adjutor of Mr. Burford; the shipping introduced is the work of Mr. Knell, whose pictures of this class have been favourably noticed in the various Art-galleries of London for many years. The panoramic view offers a very correct representation of this noble yet wretched city, and the lovely country which environs it; but as a work of Art, it certainly appears somewhat inferior to those that have preceded it: the painting is hard, though brilliant in colour, and the light and shade is not effectively managed, and there is, therefore, an absence of power throughout. It is a beautiful scene, nevertheless, even more pleasant to look upon in Leicester Square, than is the reality with all its abominations of tyranny, licentiousness, poverty, and dirt. The price of admission to the Royal Panorama has been reduced: the whole of the pictures may now be seen on payment of a shilling.

A MEETING was held on the 10th of September, by the council of the proposed Institute of Sculptors, at 32, Sackville Street, when the laws of the society were read and discussed, and a resolution was passed to print a circular containing the names of the members, who are already about twenty or twenty-one in number.

ON THE 11TH OF OCTOBER the sketching meetings will recommence for the usual term at the school at Langham Chambers, where also will be held the exhibition *soirées* that have been so well supported since their establishment.

ACCORDING TO THE REPORT of the Examiners appointed to determine the merits of the drawings sent in competition for the national medallions awarded by the Department of Science and Art, there were 503 studies, the style and finish of which show a great advance upon those of former competitions. The studies from the life are stated to have been few, and faulty in circumstance, attributable to the fact that the students have in view design and decoration, rather than pictorial art.

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE DRINKING-FOUNTAIN, executed by Messrs. Wills, Brothers, at the expense of Samuel Gurney, Esq., M.P., has been opened for public use. It consists of a pedestal and large circular basin, about five feet in diameter, of polished granite, and supported by three dolphins in bronze. Upon the basin is a circular plinth of white marble, with three carved heads of lions, forming a base for the bronze figure of "Temperance," which was engraved in the *Art-Journal* for the month of May.

REVIEWS.

HISTORY OF ST. MARY'S ABBEY, MELROSE, THE MONASTERY OF OLD MELROSE, AND THE TOWN AND PARISH OF MELROSE. By JAMES A. WADE. With numerous illustrations by the Author. Published by HAMILTON, ADAMS, and Co., London; T. C. JACK, Edinburgh.

Melrose is one of the great lions that Scotland exhibits to visitors: Walter Scott has given the grand old abbey an immortality of fame; and as in ages long past, pilgrims resorted thither for the good of their souls, or their bodies—for the loaves and fishes were plentiful among the Cistercian brotherhood who owned it—so travellers now seek it out to contemplate whatever time has left of its architectural magnificence. Canny chiefs were those ancient Melrosian monks, a wheel-to-do fraternity, having muckle, but yet giving liberally of their stores. To have been one among them towards the end of the thirteenth century, was no unenviable position, so far as the good things of this world are concerned, seeing that they then, according to Mr. Wade, "possessed more than one hundred saddle-horses, and as many more for agricultural and other purposes, and threefold the number of both in outlying mares and foals." They had two thousand acres of arable land, and one thousand acres of meadows in cultivation, under their own surveillance, besides fifteen thousand acres of forest, common, and pasturage lands; herdsmen, hinds, and labourers, with a numerous staff of lay brethren. Their live stock consisted of two hundred cows, three thousand head of oxen, eighty bulls, nearly as many calves under one year old, and upwards of twenty thousand sheep. Their forests were filled with deer, and their yards with swine, capons, and other kinds of fowl. Amidst all the religious duties required of them, they could yet find time for commercial transactions; they bought, sold, and exchanged lands; advanced money by way of mortgage on the security of landed property and of buildings; bestowed estates on their brotherhood, or those of the same order; they had access, free of tollage and dues, to markets all over the kingdom; were rearers of farming stock, and bought and sold horses, cows, oxen, sheep, and pigs; were dealers in fish, fruit, and grain of all kinds. They exported from Berwick, twenty thousand fleeces of wool in a single year, the produce of their own flocks; made and sold butter and cheese; held fisheries in the principal rivers, and even on the sea coast; had potteries, tile works, public mills, and ovens or bake-houses; church livings and benefices in all directions; granges and herd-houses in various localities, and private property almost everywhere. In fine, the holy fathers of Melrose seem to have been a vast agricultural, commercial, and manufacturing company of religionists, whose deed of partnership made no mention of limited liabilities, because such reservation of responsibility appeared not to be needful. But only imagine a community of ecclesiastics on this side of the Border,—for example, the Bishop of Durham, with his prebends and canons—doing the same amount of business in the present day; what a shock would it give to all our notions of propriety! It is well that the eighth Henry overthrew these temples of traffic, however honestly commerce may have been carried on, and cast down the tables of the money-changers, and drove out both buyers and sellers: for even a monastery was founded, and originally regarded, as a sacred edifice, and ought not to have been turned into a trading mart. But the wealth, luxury, pride, and licentiousness of these institutions worked their own downfall.

But we must not lose sight of the principal pictures of Mr. Wade's book, which gives a detailed history of Melrose Abbey, and of the beautiful, picturesque locality, whereof it is the chief attraction, with biographical sketches of the abbots of the monastery, from its foundation in about the middle of the twelfth century, till 1535, when James V. was invested with the administration of its revenues. The Reformation dispersed the monks, who saw their possessions alienated, their noble church in ruins, and their ancient halls and cloisters demolished. Large portions of the building were carried away at various epochs since the Reformation, to construct a tolbooth, and to repair mills and sluices. "Indeed, for a long time," says the author, "the ruins were looked upon by the inhabitants of the town and district as a sort of quarry, from which materials were to be obtained for repairing the neighbouring houses." Shame, we say, on the hands, whether of the religious fanatic, the robber, or the wanton destroyer, that shared in the destruction of this once glorious edifice, still beautiful in decay.

The author has divided his subject, with considerable judgment and method, into chapters, each

treating of some especial matter, interspersing his historical and archaeological descriptions with comments distinguished by right feeling and good sense. To the antiquarian, as well as to the tourist who visits the locality, the volume will be found an acquisition, while the view afforded of monastic life will interest the general reader. Mr. Wade has also handled his pencil skilfully; the numerous engravings scattered through the pages bear ample testimony to this.

THE HUMAN FOOT AND THE HUMAN HAND. By G. M. HUMPHRY, M.D., F.R.S. Published by MACMILLAN & Co., London and Cambridge.

This small volume is the extension of two lectures delivered by Dr. Humphry at Cambridge, where he occupies the position of "Lecturer on Anatomy and Physiology" in the University. Sir Charles Bell, in his "Bridgewater Treatise," showed how much worth of study there is in a human hand; Dr. Humphry follows in his wake, with scarcely less interest, though within far narrower limits, preceding his remarks on this member by some of equal value on the foot; both portions being written for general information, and not for that of the young medical student only; and interesting as well as instructive reading these enlarged lectures are. From that on 'the hand' we select a passage for the benefit of our artist-readers, especially portrait-painters.

"The kind of expression that lies in the hand, being much dependent on the effect of the muscles upon it, is very hard for the artist to catch, though very important to the excellence of the picture. Painters, usually, make the hand a subject of careful study, but rarely succeed in throwing the proper amount, either of animation, or of listlessness, into it. In portraits especially, the hands are a difficult part to treat satisfactorily; yet the artist feels that they are too important not to have a prominent place, and he commonly imposes upon himself the task of representing them both in full. I have seen them drawn held up in front, like the paws of a kangaroo,"—the italics are ours, not the author's,—"in an otherwise good picture. The stereotyped position in portraits is, that one hand lies upon a table, though it, probably, evinces an uneasiness there, while the other rests, perhaps equally uneasily, upon the arm of a chair. Vandyck, in whose paintings the hand usually forms a prominent feature, is considered to have peculiarly excelled in imparting to it a sentimental air imbued with deep pathos."

If artists would only consider how much the hand obeys, even sometimes quite unconsciously, the will, which operates upon every movement, they would not so frequently represent it in antagonistic motion to the expression of the face, which is regarded as the sole index of character or feeling: there should be complete harmony between the two, irrespective of the awkwardness pointed out by Dr. Humphry in the position given to the hand and arm.

CHRISTIAN FINE ART MODEL DRAWINGS. Part I. Published by J. PHILIP, London.

Such an elementary work as this for students in figure-drawing has long been considered desirable by all who look for something of a higher order of subject than the mannered and unmeaning examples, chiefly by French artists, with which we are so familiar. The title of the work before us indicates its character. This primary part contains three plates of studies from the works of Professor Deger, of the Academy of Düsseldorf. The first is the head of Mary Magdalene, we presume, from a picture of the 'Crucifixion'; the second, the head and hand of an aged man, from a picture of 'The Last Judgment'; and the third, the upturned face of a man, and a pair of clasped hands, from a picture of 'The Ascension.' The subjects are all life-size, and drawn on stone with much freedom of hand by Herr Uffers, of Düsseldorf. As mere drawing studies, therefore, irrespective of sentiment, they are exceedingly valuable; and if, in addition to this, we regard the feeling they express, it is quite evident they will be appreciated, inasmuch as our national character assimilates to that of the grave and thoughtful German—even in Art.

OUR ENGLISH HOME: its Early History and Progress. With Notes on the Introduction of Domestic Inventions. Second Edition. Published by J. H. & JAS. PARKER, London and Oxford.

"Home," says the writer of this book, "is emphatically the sweetest word in the English language, the object of our choicest care, and the most endearing recollections; yet our English home is without its popular history." In truth, few persons

have the least idea how our houses have grown up to be what they are now, either externally or internally: the thousand and one things, large and small, that administer to the necessities, and contribute to the comforts, of domestic life, are, so far as concerns their origin and production, matters with which the young couple who are out on a "furnishing expedition" do not trouble themselves; they purchase them, have them sent home, put their houses in order, and then sit down to the full enjoyment of early married life. But the history of all these objects is singularly curious and instructive; as we mark, for example, the gradual change in the ordinary articles of furniture, from the rude unplanned benches and settles on which even the Saxon noble seated himself, to the soft, damask-covered *fautuil* into which the thriving citizen of the present day throws himself after dinner at his suburban villa, or to the wooden elbow chair left vacant for the artisan when his day's labours are over.

That our ancestors, three or four centuries ago, knew how to build and to furnish, is sufficiently evident from what they have left us as examples: the Tudor mansions and furniture still serve as models for the modern architect and cabinet-maker. Intercourse with the continent during the last century and that preceding it, introduced a different style of work into our houses, and *Renaissance*, as it is called, mingled with, and sometimes entirely superseded, that which is known as the "Elizabethan," in the decorations and furniture of our homes. And as wealth increased, and inventions multiplied, and our necessities, real or imaginary, demanded increased comforts or luxuries, so the supply proceeded in an equal degree; the result has been the introduction of novelties of every kind, in design, in materials, and in their application.

These matters are pleasantly talked about in this little volume; unpretending as it is, it is full of interesting details, gathered with much industry and antiquarian knowledge from the records of history, and from the objects brought to light by the researches of the archaeologist. The domestic customs and habits of our forefathers, at various epochs, are placed before us in a form likely to attain the popularity the book deserves.

THE DRAWING-ROOM GALLERY OF EMINENT PERSONAGES. January to June, 1861. Engraved by D. J. POUND. With Memoirs by the most able Authors. Published by J. THICKROOM, London.

This handsome "got-up" volume contains a series of portraits, published from time to time by the proprietors of the *Illustrated News of the World*. It contains twenty-six portraits engraved on steel, and in so satisfactory a manner as a whole, that if we had not ourselves some experience of such matters, we should wonder how the publication could be made to pay the proprietors. The volume opens with a full-length picture, but not a very pleasing likeness, of her Majesty; and with this august lady are associated other personages, whose title to "eminence" in the true and legitimate sense of the word may be considered as questionable. Great men and women are not born every week, and the conductors of the *Illustrated News* must give their subscribers a portrait with each Saturday's publication; we may therefore claim for them some indulgence, if every now and then there is one "somewhat beside the mark." Still, though the gathering is somewhat "motley," for this very reason the series of portraits must be popular, as it deserves to be: thousands will see here the "form and features" of those whom they probably know only by name and representation: and in the brief biographical notices which accompany the pictures, the outline of history shows the ladder by which the persons spoken of have reached the temple of fame.

MAPS OF THE AMERICAN STATES. Published by J. WYLD, London.

The interest with which we now regard every movement, political and military, in America, renders the assistance of such maps as those published by Mr. Wyld most acceptable; indeed, without such an accompaniment, we rise from the perusal of current American history deficient of information on very material points, so suddenly do obscure and unknown localities become at once famous by events. These maps show us at once the extent of country occupied by the Northern and Southern States, with their enormous extent of seaboard and frontier; their exports and imports; the population of the free states, as also that of the slave states; and a great mass of information indispensable to the perfect apprehension of events now passing in America.

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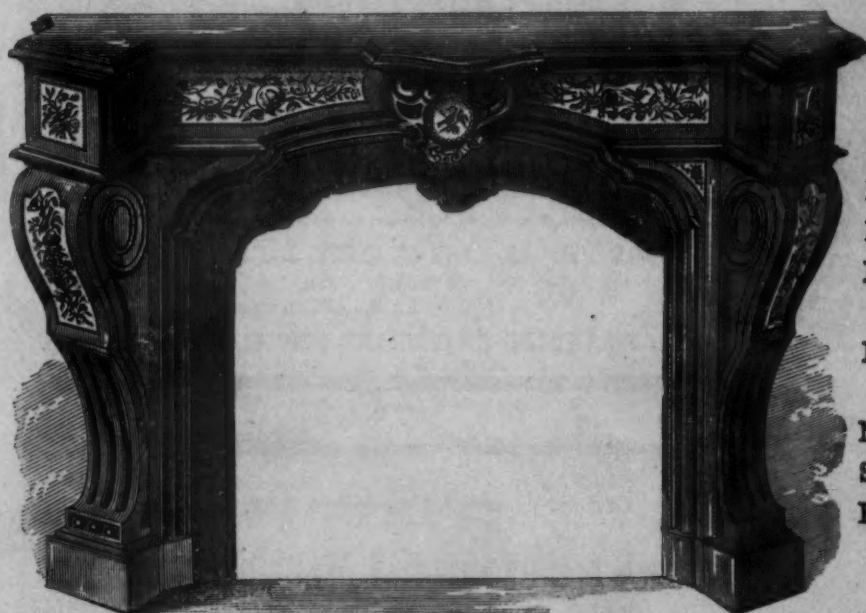
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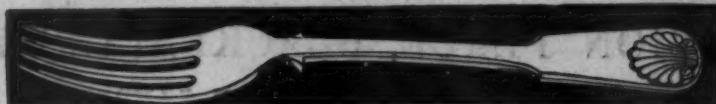


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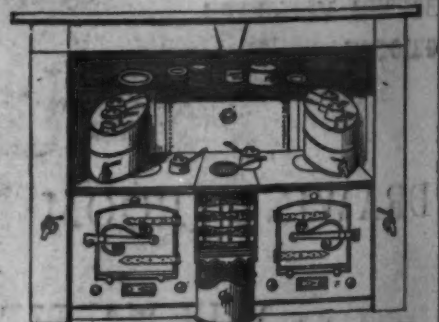
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